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DAY DREAMS.

BY ✓

CHARLES REEKIE.



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TO MY ESTEEMED FRIEND,

ROBERT MORRISON,

FIFESHIRE, SCOTLAND,

I DEDICATE THESE PAGES.

Beatæ Memorix.

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DAY DREAMS.

INTRODUCTORY.

I.

Dear Reader: I have named these broken stanzas
"DAY DREAMS," because I have a dreamy notion
That scarce a reader breathes from Maine to Kansas
But must have felt that half-awake emotion
That dreams enshrine. 'Tis a devotion
That will repay the worshiper, indeed—
The more especially as it owns no creed.

II.

There was a time when this great globe was younger,
Ere Mammon worship had become the rule,
Or nations felt that democratic hunger
Which seems the gospel of the modern school,—
Ere folly taught that every common fool
Was born a sovereign, whom the devil meant
For either scavenger or President !

III.

I know it was before the age of rings,
Or the grand art of Printing was invented ;
I know that I have read of certain things
That certain hoary sages represented,
And places, too, that ancient bards frequented—
Such as the temples of prophetic women,
Somewhere in Greece, where men were fond of
dreaming.

IV.

But we are moderns, and old Greece is dead—
I mean that Greece that gave the world its dreams.
Yet though her temples in the dust are laid,
And hushed is now the music of her streams,
And time's murk night has half obscured her beams,
Yet who will say, despite her modern fetters,
The world has not been better for her letters?

V.

Besides, there was the later mighty Rome,
Whose thunders shook the empires of the globe ;
Against whose fame the sea of Time, like foam,
Breaks all in vain, as still our pulses throb
Beneath the shadow of her Cæsar's robe ;
Yet though her heroes were malignant schemers,
It's history now that they, like us, were dreamers.

VI.

And later still, behold the Norman host
Landing its prow upon old Albion's strand,
And hear the victor's shout, the battle lost,
And mothers weeping for their fatherland—
Their slaughtered sires in heaps upon the sand.
Yet who asserts this subject of my theme
Was not the logic of the victor's dream?

VII.

And dreaming still next comes the brave exile,
The Plymouth hero of an iron faith,
Dreaming his dream, through suffering, want and toil ;
He hears the savage yell with bated breath,
Contented there to die a martyr's death,
Or waste his years in solitude supreme—
The self-deluded victim of a dream.

VIII.

And you, fair reader, what the theme that thrills
Thy life's young pulses, when the moon is low?
And whence this gazing at the distant hills,
Counting the fleeting moments all too slow ;
While nursing there thy self-deluded woe,
Thy young eyes dim, thy tender bosom rent?—
'Tis but the illusive dream of sentiment !

IX.

Next in review the youthful mother's joy,
Crowding her life with hope, and trust and tears,
In love's prospective—sees her fair young boy
Become the crowning treasure of her years,
And in the airy temple that he rears
She sees his rising sun's immortal beam ;—
'Tis but, alas ! the vapor of a dream !

X.

And next behold the conqueror of kings—
That heartless tryant of a nation's dower—
Who shadowed earth beneath his vampyre wings,
And shook the thrones of empire with his power ;
Now mark him caged, the vulture of an hour,
Poor wingless moth of hell's illusive dream,
Who reared his throne upon the bayonet's gleam !

XI.

Next comes with lofty brow the poet seer :
With eagle glance he scans the morning star,
That marks the dawn of earth's millennial year,
And hears the song of freedom from afar,
Ringing the knell of carnage and of war,—
When love shall reign o'er mountain, vale and stream,
And life become one universal dream !

XII.

And even he, the serf-slave of the soil,
Whose willing ploughshare turns the lifeless sod,
Dreams of a crowning glory for his toil,
And patient as the ox bows to his load,
Treading the paths his fameless fathers trod,
Far from the crowded city's ceaseless hum,
Yet dreams of harvests in the years to come !

XIII.

But mark the lettered slab, the crumbling scroll,
That crowd the silent cities of the dead ;
And read the piteous longing of the soul
In meaningless epitaph, where all are laid,
From lisping childhood to the silver head,
And see where desolation reigns supreme—
The final drama of life's hopeless dream !

XIV.

Thus ends the chapter of the life of man,
In day dreams as the silent ages go—
A kind of lunar aid in Nature's plan,
Or heaven-sent Balm of Gilead for life's woe.
So in these pages may the reader find
Some solace for the ills of humankind ;
And like an echo from wild mountain streams,
They help his weary soul to pleasant dreams !

OH, WEEPING MUSE, BE STILL.

Oh, weeping muse, be still,
Go! sleep thy dreams away;
No native song, from brook or rill,
Shall rouse thy slumbering lay;
No gentle thrill of bird,
With echo's soft prelong,
From brake or bower is heard,
To wake thy latent song.

No distant peaks arise,
No sun-robed hills are seen,
Nor heaven-toned skylark in the skies
Floats o'er soft vales of green;
No Summer strains from leafy shades
Their lingering notes diffuse,
Nor murmur heard from distant glades,
To wake thy slumbering muse.

But in this second Babel drear
The fiends of barter rule,
And for the skylark's song I hear
The laughter of the fool!
Then weep, oh muse! thy harp is still;
Exiled from brook and river,
These pent-up shadows, bleak and chill,
Have hushed thy song forever!

OH, SING A SANG WHEN I AM GANE.

Oh, sing a sang when I am gane,
To some auld Scottish air,
Around yon hamely auld hearthstane,
Where I will sing nae mair.

Oh, sing it on my native hills,
Amang the heather bells,
Or whaur the ringing mavis trills
His love song in the dells.

Oh, sing it in the gloaming hour,
In love's deserted shrine,
And wake again in yon auld bower
The echoes of lang syne.

Oh, sing a sang when I am gane,
To some auld Scottish air,
Around yon hamely auld hearthstane,
Where voices sing nae mair.

COLUMBIA.

Columbia, dear child of the ages, thou
Hast much to reckon with the age to be :
Long may the crown of justice wreath thy brow—
Right not might, the standard on each prow
That bears thy starry flag from sea to sea ;
Nor cancerous envy warp thy native power,
Nor craven bluster e'er bequeath its dower,
But as thine eagle, may thy heart be free !

IMITATION OF BROWNING.

No, this is not a song—not by any means ;
No, nor a sermon, if you come to that ;
So, friend, use your ears ; say it is—what?—
A salad of wit, or a hotch-potch of greens,
Or a half-hour wasted in chat ?

Come, let us move up to the grate,
While I hand you this old arm chair :
'Tis cold when minus our hair,
If we have not a rag on our pate—
A theorem we needn't debate.

Heavens ! how the sash rattles ! hear the snow
Beating a tattoo of death on the bars,
And hiding the moon and the stars.
'Tis not a night to have the fire low ;
No, sir—the thought of it jars !

How it blusters and roars, like voices
Howling in the chimney, as if the dead
Had come out of their graves to invade
The house and harrow us with their voices—
(Just touch the bell there for the maid !)

Thanks ; this is the birthday of my daughter ;
'Tis her twentieth year at midnight :
I remember she came in moonlight—
(Yes, Janet, a little hot water—
That's the gin standing next to your right !)

Drink hearty! I like to remember
Those milestones of time as we go,
For life has its ebb and its flow,
And that memorable night in December
Looms up from the long, long ago.

You know time is naught but a notion—
A mere figure of speech, nothing more;
For suppose we were dead as a door,
And minus the sense of emotion,
Could we tell number one from a score?

Or suppose that this thing called our planet
Were nothing but ocean and land,
The terra being principally sand,
With no living mortal upon it,
And no rules of arithmetic at hand—

Could time, with life unrelated,
Know a month or a week or a day?—
Imagine a cycle of clay,
And you see the whole thing as debated;—
Do you master my logic, I pray?

Reducto ad absurdum, a fable—
A something in nothing, don't you see,
That this moment is all that can be;—
(Will you please to move up to the table,
And try this last mixture with me?)

SHALL I NO MORE?

And shall I tread no more my native hills,
Nor hear again the music of its dells,
Nor catch the soft refrain of Sabbath bells,
Nor drink at noon the freshness of its rills?

Shall I no more, when Summer hours are long,
Dream o'er the shadows of the misty lea,
Nor watch the wonder of the distant sea,
Nor hear again the ringing skylark's song?

Shall I no more in gloaming's fading light
Listen the echoes from the vales below,
Nor watch the sinking sunset's latest glow,
Fade 'neath the curtain of imperial night?

Shall I no more where mountain wilds are free
Feel the pulsations of the Summer air,
As if the soul of Nature lingered there,
And voices of creation spoke with me?

Shall I no more from ærial heights untrod,
See the deep vision of the age to be,
When all shall know the Man of Galilee,
And every creed the one eternal God?

Shall I no more feel love's impassioned strife
Thrill the wild pulses of my longing youth?
Or shall the atheist's dictum be the truth,
And every hope and purpose end with life?

WHOUR MY AIN LASSIE DWELLS.

The heather grows around the knowes,
Abune the ferny dells,
And a' alane there stands the hame
Whaur my ain lassie dwells.
And buds o' blue and thistle too,
A' mixed wi' dead man's bells,
Are blooming round the auld stane wa's
Whaur my ain lassie dwells.

There's naething there, frae kirk or fair,
To draw your city swells,
But a' around is bleak and bare
Whaur my ain lassie dwells.
But though its thack is auld and black,
The reeking chimney tells
There's kindly mirth around the hearth
Whaur my ain lassie dwells.

Let city lairds deck oot their yairds
Wi' grots o' auld sea shells,
Gie me the wale o' guid green kail
Whaur my ain lassie dwells.
And let cauld hearts in crowded marts
Seek gowd in gambling hells,
The gold for me shall ever be
Whaur my ain lassie dwells !

NA, NA, JOHNNIE LAD.

Na, na, Johnnie lad,
Ye maunna think o' me ;
Na, na, Johnnie lad,
The thing can never be !

Na, na, Johnnie lad,
Although my heart is free,
I ken it weel, my bonnie lad,
We never could agree !

Na, na, Johnnie lad,
They've yet to plant the tree
That has to grow the green, green wud,
To build a hoose for me !

Na, na, Johnnie lad,
So dinna bother me,
But gae your gate, my bonnie lad,
And leave me here to dee !

MEDITATION.

When the weary earth is sleeping,
And the solemn winds are sighing,
And fond watching eyes are weeping
Where their stricken loves are dying,
'Tis then I speed on Fancy's wings
And fleet away from human strife,
To ponder o'er these solemn things,
That show the awful depths of life.

'T WAS MIDNIGHT.

'Twas midnight, 'twas midnight,
And the city's thousands slept
Beneath a thousand curtains bright :
Some had gone with bosoms light,
While some, alas ! had wept.
Slowly woke the midnight bell,
O'er the silent streets it fell,
Pealing like a midnight knell,
That time was watching yet.

'Twas midnight, 'twas midnight,
And the silent stars looked down
Over tower and attic height
Where the licensed scribblers write
The scandal of the town ;
And the shadows, dense and long,
Deepened in the alleys strong,
Where the shambles rang with song
Of mountebank and clown.

And the echoes sent their swell
Through the festering haunts of crime,
Where illusion held its spell
In the gambler's gilded hell,
With women, mirth and wine ;
And the drunkard's oath profane,
Reeking from his maddened brain,
Where the sons of Satan reign,
Amidst their tinsel slime.

And the echoes still repeating,
 With their deep, ominous roll,
Where the pulse of death was beating,
And the eyes of love were weeping
 For some swift departing soul;
And the felon heard his knell
In his death-enshrouded cell,
Where it seemed, with deepening swell,
 To roll from pole to pole.

And the watcher heard its chime
 Where the self-destroyed lay,
Like a trumpet sound of time
Wailing out its dismal rhyme
 O'er that thing of clay—
Over shrouded mounds of death
Till it rung its iron breath,
As if pealing o'er the earth
 The dawn of judgment day.

'Twas midnight, 'twas midnight,
 And the car of Time rolled on
O'er the attic's giddy height,
Where beneath the taper light
 A woman watched alone:
Pale and hollow was her cheek,
And her eyes were sunk and meek,
While her pulse beat faint and weak
 Through hands of skin and bone.

And the fireless hearth was cold

 In that wretched attic cell,
Where with faded locks of gold,
Dreaming of the days of old,

 She heard that midnight bell—
Heard out from the spectre trees,
Floating on the midnight breeze
Like an anthem from the seas,
Songs of her native dell.

And she dreamt of scenes of childhood,

 When her skies were cloudless blue—
Dreamt of where the rustic stile stood
And the path through brake and wildwood,
 Where the flowers of childhood grew ;
And she heard the copses ringing,
Where her native birds were singing,
While her youthful feet were springing
 O'er the meads of silver dew.

And she felt her pulses beating

 'Neath the twilight's trysting tree,
Heard the tempter's lips repeating,
While her dreaming eyes were weeping
 For that promise ne'er to be :
And she dreamt of hope and gladness,
Smiling in her dream of sadness,
Till she wakes to want and madness
 In that home of misery ;—

Woke to feel that life was fading
 With the taper's dying ray,
While the mist of death was shading,
All the powers of life invading,
 As sensation passed away ;
But as sunlight brings the morrow
 When the shades of night decay,
So this soul of sin and sorrow
 Passed on to eternal day !

Soft the breath of dawn is sighing
 Through the broken window bars,
And the shadows there are dying
Where a thing of clay is lying
 'Neath the silent morning stars :
There they found her where she perished
 In that dreary attic cell,
But the name or love she cherished
 Not a line was found to tell.

'Tis midnight, 'tis midnight,
 And its central hour has pealed,
Ringing outwards 'neath the starlight
 O'er yon ghastly Potter's Field ;
O'er the nameless mounds it lingers
 Like a death song midst the gloom,
Where no feet nor loving fingers
 Wait to deck that nameless tomb !

THE SECOND DELUGE.

'Tis said, by those who ought to know,
That some day hence the ice and snow
 Gathering round the southern pole
Will produce a sudden squall,
Canting this terrestrial ball
 So the ocean floods will roll,
Sinking nations in their sweep
Perhaps a thousand fathoms deep,
 And drowning every living soul !

'Tis a horrid declaration,
This destruction of creation ;
 Yet it seems as plain to me
As a question in addition,
Simple in its definition
 As the rule of two and three—
If preponderance you venture,
To outweigh the axis centre,
 Then you must cant up the sea !

Then the ocean, as you know,
Over all the land must flow,
 Like a blizzard from the sky ;
Thus the continents must sink
Quicker than an eye may wink,
 While the helpless millions die.
'Tis an awful consummation,
This, the sequel of creation—
 Yet it may not be a lie !

If you wish the theme to grapple,
Let us test it with an apple :—

First, we run a needle through,
One end here, the other there,
So the ball is balanced fair ;

Now, if gravitation's true,
Take the balance from the pole
And you must upset the whole.

I can see it ; cannot you ?

Certain, then, is our destruction,
As a natural deduction :

If we cannot live in water,
And the land goes 'neath the sea,
What becomes of you and me

But to perish in the slaughter,
Buried deep, without a casket ?
Not a chance for Moses' basket,
Or a second Pharaoh's daughter !

Now, you may propound the query,
Whence this scientific theory ?

Has it not been spoken higher
That the final end should be,
Of the mountains and the sea,

With a flood of molten fire ?
When the final morning came
All the dead would rise again ?—

Tell me, then, who is the liar ?

If the first of these be nigh,
What a fate for you and I !—
 Standing here upon the brink
When the flood of ocean comes
Like a foe with muffled drums,
 And the quaking mountains sink,
Quicker than the lightning flash
Comes the ruin, wreck and crash,
 Ere a soul has time to think !

What a fearful desolation
Must befall this mighty nation,
 All its greatness gone, alas !
What a horrid state of things !—
End of democratic rings ;
 Not a demagogic ass
Left to run the boodle poker,
Not a Grover or a Croker—
 Reformation gone to grass !

Will the mother clasp her child,
When that scene of terror wild
 Rings with earth's destructive knell ?
Will the parting throb be less
In the lover's last caress,
 In that hurried, wild farewell ?
Will the miser clutch his gold,
Or the bigot's beads be told,
 In that awful hour of hell ?

Here's a nut for those to crack
Who are ever on the rack
 Preaching faith instead of deeds ;
Searching in the dust of ages,
While the human battle rages,
 Reaping only wealth of weeds ;
Building up a second Babel,
While the brainless bigots cavil
 O'er the rubbish of the creeds !

Tell me, fathers, can it be
True, this theory of the sea ?
 Can the race be nearly run,
Promise of millennium day,
Like a vapor, passed away,
 Ere the promised goal is won ?
Shall this great terrestrial ball
Perish in a sudden squall,
 Like a bubble in the sun ?

A THOUGHT.

Most things we hear and see only differ in degree :
Thus the gleeful frog, in his cheerless bog,
Croaking his note from his tuneless throat,
In response to his being, is true to the All-Seeing ;
As the sweet prelong of the skylark's song,
As it gladdens the sun when the zenith is won,
Or the eagle's call from his cloud-capped wall,
Or the soft-toned wail of the nightingale.

SCOTLAND FOREVER !

Scotland, my native land,
Still true to thee,
I tender my heart and hand,
Land of the free ;
And while my heart shall beat
Or my pulses quiver,
Still shall my lips repeat,
Scotland forever !

Long may your rocky glens
Ring out the jubilee,
Out from your rocky bens
And onward to the sea !
Land of the misty dells,
Mountain and river,
Land of free Sabbath bells,
Scotland forever !

Never may the foeman's feet
Tread your happy shore,
While your hardy sons repeat,
Onward evermore !
And where'er your sons may die,
Where the squadrons sever,
Still ring out the battle cry,
Scotland forever !

And the coming ages bringing
 Grander deeds to crown your page,
Down your peaceful valleys ringing
 Onward to the golden age.
Land of the heather bell,
 Mountain and river,
Land where the eagles dwell,
 Scotland forever !

THE SPARROW.

I like to see the sparrow trip
 Across my window sill,
And watch the little fellow tip
 His toilet with his bill.

I love to hear his chirrup call
 Beneath the morning sky,
And see him watching on the wall
 To breakfast on a fly.

I learn a lesson from his life—
 To hate all human greed,
The folly of ambition's strife,
 The little that I need.

God help the wretch, with instincts mean,
 Who fills a sphere so narrow,
Who bows before the Nazarene,
 And yet would starve a sparrow !

CARPHIN.

The wind blaws cauld frae Norman's Law,
The woods are blae and thin,
And a' the hills are white wi' snaw
That lies around Carphin.

The heather hills are bleak and bare,
The glens a' wrapped in gloom,
And weary linties sing nae mair
Amang the yellow broom.

There's silence on the Emley Hill,
Where youth's fond echoes rang,
And lilac bowers are hushed and still,
Where once the mavis sang.

My native ha' is cauld and hoar,
Where raging tempests blow,
And round its hearth is heard no more
The songs of long ago.

And silent glade, and brake and bower
By winter blasts are torn,
Where Fate has ta'en love's early flower
And left the leafless thorn.

The Spring again will deck the lea,
Whaur wimpling burnies rin,
But Spring will bring nae mair to me
The voices of Carphin.

AWAKE, MY LOVE !

Awake, my love ! the morning wakes,
The dawn is on the sea,
And from afar
The morning star
Sends greeting, love, to thee.

Awake, my love ! pale night awaits
To shake his mantle free,
And in the east
Aurora's feast
Is waiting, love, for thee.

Awake, my love ! the flowers await
Thy footsteps on the lea,
And crystal brooks,
In shady nooks,
Are murmuring, love, for thee.

Awake, my love ! the brake resounds
With song of bird and bee,
And dewy bells,
In leafy dells,
Fill nectar cups for thee.

Awake, my love ! awake ! awake !
The dawn is on the sea,
And on the shore
The waves encore
Love's morning song for thee.

A SONG OF JERSEY SHORE.

Let me sing a song of my dead young love,
That sleeps by the Jersey shore ;
Let me sing a song of my dead lost love,
That will sing with me no more ;
Let me look again at the setting sun,
From the strand where we sat together ;
Let me hear the song of the autumn woods,
For my love is still forever.

Let me see the stars come out again,
And the moon come up from the sea ;
Let me see the sails of the distant ships,
For my love is lost to me ;
Let me hear the peal of Summer bells,
That cheered us long ago,
And sit alone on the silver sand,
Where my loved one sleeps below.

Let me gather there, on that lonely shore,
The treasures of the sea,
And weave again, with silver shells,
A lover's wreath for thee ;
There let me sing our bridal song,
Where the breakers wild encore,
Till I lie down to rest with thee
On Jersey's silver shore.

LEAVES.

Drop ! drop ! drop !
 Oh, silent, fading leaves ;
Drop ! drop ! drop !
In valley, dell and grot,
 Oh, leaves.

Here, falling one by one,
There drooping twos and threes,
Symbolical of man
As thy brief season ran,
 Oh, leaves.

We tremble as you fall
In the sighing autumn breeze,
By brake and moss-clad wall,
Like dying Nature's pall,
 Sad leaves.

How green on every stem,
Upon the summer trees ;
How like the race of men,
Laughing in brake and fen,
 Green leaves.

And in the morning air,
The green-clad forest heaves,
Through meads and valleys fair,
In myriads everywhere,
 Green leaves.

But hear the passing moan
Among the winter trees,
Like Nature's requiem song
For generations gone,
Of leaves.

And the biting winds shall pass
Where the silent brooklets freeze,
Like human hopes—alas!
As you moulder in the grass,
Sad leaves.

But the breath of Spring shall come,
With its life-restoring breeze,
And the crystal brooks shall run,
And the forest hide the sun
With leaves.

And again, on every stem,
Upon the Summer trees,
You'll laugh in brake and fen,
Like another race of men,
Green leaves.

Thus as the seasons pass,
Poor, weary man perceives
That soon he, too, alas!
Must moulder 'neath the grass,
Like the leaves.

FAIR BELMAR-BY-THE-SEA.

I've stood upon the bounding deck
Where ocean's tempests roar,
And heard the Arctic thunders break
On Greenland's icy shore ;
I've watched the golden sunset gleam
Across the tropic lea,
But the greenest spot on memory's dream
Is Belmar-by-the-Sea.

I've roamed alone through pathless glades,
Where Indian skies are clear,
And heard the song of her dusky maids,
In the vales of fair Cashmere,
And dreamed where echo still enfolds
The Arabian maiden's glee ;
But the fairest scene that memory holds
Is Belmar-by-the-Sea.

I've heard the curfew fading still
On gloaming's soft decay,
And heard the flute-toned bulbul thrill
The wilds of far Cathay ;
But sweeter than the wildbird's note,
Fond fancy turns to thee,
The gem of memories unforgot—
Fair Belmar-by-the-Sea.

FAREWELL !

Farewell, sweet vision of a dream,
I can forget thee never,
For I shall love what thou hast been
Forever and forever !

The hours may come, the years may go,
All other ties to sever,
But I shall love thee, weal or woe,
Forever and forever !

Where'er I roam, by land or sea,
By mountain, brake, or river,
My weary soul will turn to thee
Forever and forever !

My maddened brain with fever's chill
On reason's brink may quiver,
But thou shall be my idol still,
Forever and forever !

For thou hast been life's sweetest dream,
Love's wildest, briefest fever ;
But all is past (that might have been),
Forever and forever !

Farewell, sweet vision of a day,
I can forget thee never ;
All other memories may decay,
But thine shall be forever !

A FRAGMENT.

The tide is high, the moon is low,
The sea breaks on the shore,
And soon from me my love must go
To where the billows roar.

The strain is on the cable chain,
The sails are flapping free ;
When shall the winds waft back again
My sailor lad to me ?

The watch has struck the midnight bell,
His bark bounds onward, free ;
Above the storm I send farewell,
Oh, sailor lad, to thee.

The morning breaks beyond the bar,
No sail is on the sea,
But still, beneath the morning star,
She waits, alone, for thee.

The tide is low, the cliffs are sad,
No sail is on the sea ;
Beneath the sand, oh, sailor lad,
She waits, alone, for thee.

THE AULD KIRK YARD.

I remember it still, the auld kirk yard,
With its circling walls, where the weary are laid,
And the rude old gate, aye locked and barred,
That only opened for the dead ;
And the roofless kirk, where ivy empalls
The grass-grown mounds and the crumbling walls.

And the tablets rude, and the moss-covered stones,
With their mouldering dates of long ago,
And the pillared slabs, with skulls and bones,
That roofed the graves of the dead below ;
And the bulging roots of the ancient trees,
That moaned their requiem in the breeze.

Oh, shrouded mound, but an acre wide,
That blinks alone on that desolate lea ;
Oh, roofless kirk, while centuries glide,
What sacred dust you hold for me !
What voices hushed in your voiceless air,
What forms at rest, what memories there !

And centuries come, and centuries go,
And age after age in your dust are laid,
And the flowerless grass on your mounds shall grow,
Where the living shall come to bury the dead ;
And the sire and the son rest under the sod,
The rich and the poor, in this acre of God.

FARE THEE WELL !

Fare thee well, land of my childhood,
Rocky glen and flowery dell,
Mountain, valley, brake and wildwood,
Scenes of childhood, fare thee well !

Swift my lonely bark is stealing
Where the midnight winds shall sigh,
And to-morrow's dawn revealing
Naught to me but sea and sky.

Still farewell to vale and mountain,
Yellow broom and heather bell,
Wimpling brook and crystal fountain,
To each, to all, a last farewell !

Still for me my love is waiting
Where the twilight shades decay,
And my native bowers are shaking
With the pulse of closing day.

Still my native bells are ringing
Far beyond the harbor bar,
Where the nightingale is singing
Lonely to the evening star.

Dreaming on my heaving pillow,
I can hear our parting knell,
Ringing louder than the billow ;
Land of childhood, fare thee well !

A QUESTION.

Reader, have you ever made
Any measure of the tears,
Ever reckoned up the dead
Of one hundred years?—

Ever for a moment thought,
Ever held your breath,
Counting up the myriads brought
To the gates of death?

Three times all the sons of men
Live and pass away ;
Thrice in ninety years and ten
All the human race are clay ;

Fallen like the swaths of corn,
Changed to dust each living face :
Who shall name the host unborn
That must come to fill their place?

Think, one hundred years to-day—
Oh ! thoughtless sons of mirth !—
Not one living son of clay
Will be on this earth.

Every man and every maid,
Wrinkled age and youthful bloom,
Like the forest leaves, are laid
In one universal tomb.

Onward moves the ebb and flow,
Ever was, and still shall be ;
Generations come and go
Like the billows of the sea.

Billions, countless as the sand
On the ocean-beaten shore,
Coming from the silent land,
Follow those that went before.

Perish creeds of ancient pages ;
Who will rend the prison bars ?
Light the sons of coming ages
With an echo from the stars ?

Not a whisper hath been given
Tangible for human needs,
Buried all the light of heaven
'Neath the dust of human creeds.

Would the Author of creation
Make our shrouded visions clear,
With an honest demonstration
That our reason could revere ;

Then each heart might be an altar,
Thrilling with the trumpet blast ;
Then our footsteps might not falter
In the moonlights of the past.

Then the future might restore us
 Brotherhood, for human strife,
And the pathway stretch before us
 Onward to the gates of life.

Then the tomb might lose its sorrow,
 As the shadows pass away ;
Death, the twilight of to-morrow,
 Breaking in eternal day.

Stretch the pathway on before us,
 Haste the ages yet to be,
When one universal chorus
 Rings the song of Galilee !

FORGET THEE.

Forget thee ? Yes, when seas run dry
And the living sun shall die ;
When the waves shall break no more
On the ocean-beaten shore ;
When the stars shall lose their light,
And no moon shall cheer the night ;
When the songs of life are still ;
Dead, the fountain and the rill ;
Dead, the forest and the vales ;
Dead, the green-robed, summer dales ;
Withered, every bud and flower ;
Stilled, the tempest and the shower ;
Nothing left of earth or sea—
Then I have forgotten thee.

PROFIT AND LOSS.

If your purpose in life be pelf,
Then 'midst its strife,
Let your motto in life
Be—self;

Or in other words, I say,
Boy or man,
Be your calling what it may,
Remember, night and day,
First, Number One !

And in dealing with another,
Let every transaction,
Although it be your brother,
Or even your mother,
Bring you a fraction !

And always remember
That, selling or buying,
In June or December,
Borrow or lender,
There's money in lying !

And keep it in view,
As a text from the school,
That in dealing with you,
The profits of two
Is ever YOUR rule !

And at kirk or fair
Still the motto maintain,
Fasting or prayer,
Remember it there,
A purpose to gain ;

And never neglect,
Be it partial or whole,
To temper your spec
So it stiffens your neck
And narrows your soul !

And when they have weighed
Your profit and loss,
And your balance is laid
In the vaults of the dead,
With a cross,
Let the writing be clear,
That mouldering here
Is the dross !

A MEMORY.

Over New England hills,
Over valley and lea,
Up from the brooks and the rills
Fond echoes are calling to me ;

Out from the brakes and the bowers,
Over the summer-robed dells,
Out through the long summer hours,
I hear the low village bells.

Oh ! soul of memorial days !
Oh ! song of the bluebird and bee !
Like a dream in the summer blue haze
The cottage of Mary I see ;

Still see the white garden wall,
And the porch where the jessamine blows,
And the roof that o'ershadows them all,
With its smoke as it heavenward goes.

I stand by the old apple tree,
I wait as I waited of yore,
And I listen, dear Mary, for thee,
For the feet that are coming no more.

There is life in the leafless woods,
Where the death shroud of winter hath lain ;
There is life in the deep solitudes,
That comes with the summer again.

But the flowers that I cherished are dead,
And the dreams that were never to be,
Like the leaves of the forest, are laid
In the dust, forever, with thee.

I KEN Æ HOOSE.

I ken a hoose, æ story high,
That stands among the hills,
It has nae shelter but the sky,
Nae music but the rills.

Nor spreading porch, nor trellis bars,
To hide its wa's sae bare,
Whaur it has stood beneath the stars
A hundred years or mair.

The summers go, the winters come,
Wi' rain, and drift, and snaw,
And shakes the dockens round the lum,
Abune its thack of straw.

Its sturdy door is bleached and gray,
Whaur mony a storm has beat,
And its auld hallant floor of clay
Is worn wi' weary feet.

And through its winnocks bent and thrawn,
Atween its auld gray stanes,
Has come the licht o' mony a dawn,
In through its wrinkled panes.

And round its broken auld hearthstane,
Noo green wi' grass and sod,
Auld heads hae bent (lang dead and gane)
To praise their father's God.

And grander than the micht of kings,
In that wee but-and-ben,
Guid trusty mithers raised their weans,
Wha died guid honest men.

And mony a head has gaen to rust,
With neither slab nor urn,
Could trace its record frae the dust
That sleeps on Bannockburn.

The king may get his ain again
In that guid time to be,
But he'll be king wha has the brain,
When RICHT is chivalry.

It's no' the palace or the ha'
That's gi'en the world its men;
The grandest chields the world e'er saw
First toddled but-and-ben.

And roofless kirks, whaur martyrs lie,
Though storms gae whistling through,
Hae sealed a record in the sky
Cathedrals never knew.

And though the richt may yield to micht,
When there seems nae appeal,
The soul of things will aye be richt
In spite of Pope or deil.

And though some doubters bay the moon,
While creeds and reason jars,
The plumb of God hangs even doon,
Eternal as the stars.

It's been weel said, that beauty bides
Nae deeper than the skin,
That mony a scarlet mantle hides
The fires of hell within.

There's mony a wretch wha owns a mine
Gaes crawling to his grave,
Who, measured by the rule divine,
Is viler than a slave.

And some are clothed in raiment white
Wha fill the bigot's roll,
Wad rob the widow of her mite
Or sell his brither's soul!

It's no' this age of braggarts vain,
Of demagogues and sham,
Will raise earth to a higher plane
Or bring the promised man.

It's no' the sneaking, crawling saint,
Whose stock in trade is hell,
Wha think, when groping brithers faint,
The only licht's himsel'.

Nor is it pith o' learning rare,
Nor tomes in college hall;
The honest widow's humble prayer
Is grander than them all!

It's no' the self-conceited crank,
That microbe of the devil,
Whose skull is but an empty tank,
Half stuffed wi' dirt and drivel.

His daily food newspaper slang,
The gossips of the gutter,
His dream that naething can be wrang
That scribbling demons utter.

God help us ere the deluge comes
Frae Satan's latest hoax,
That epidemic of the slums,
The reeking ballot-box!

And save the nations ear' and late
From vile pollution's pool,
And keep us from the Carron State,
Where brazen blackguards rule.

I LOVE THE LAND OF CLOUDY SKIES.

I love the land of cloudy skies,
Of mountain, vale and lea,
Whose ocean-beaten wall defies
The thunders of the sea.

I love the shades where lovers meet,
When gloaming hours are long,
And where the rustic bowers repeat
The blackbird's evening song.

I love the land of purple hills,
Whose rugged cliffs are free,
And silent glens, where mountain rills
Steal onward to the sea.

I love the land whaur linties sang
Frae New Year's day till Yule,
And whaur the wimpling burnies ran,
Whaur I went to the schule.

I love the land whose auld kirk bells
Peal forth the Sabbath morn,
And thrills the peaceful village dells,
Where freedom's sons were born.

Let others sing of green-robed vales,
Kissed by the tropic sea,
Wi' myrtle groves, and spicy gales,
Auld Scotland yet for me !

PAST AND PRESENT.

PART I.

A silent isle lay in the sea—
A gem from Nature's God—
And on its sands the waves broke free,
Where never foot had trod.

No home of beast or bird was there,
On that lone speck of green,
Nor sound to thrill the silent air
Where never life had been.

The passing ages rolled away,
The surf broke o'er its bars;
But still the lonely islet lay
'Neath sun, and moon, and stars.

No passing wing, no sail or speck,
As Time's slow currents ran,
Nor fragment there of drifting wreck
Gave evidence of man.

No gilded pomp of war's array,
Nor iron bonds of toil,
As day repeated yesterday
Upon that silent isle.

No tropic heat or Arctic snow
Its green-robed valleys knew,
As o'er its verdure soft and low
Earth's fairest breezes blew ;

And o'er its wide surrounding sea
Ten thousand suns had rolled,
While passing seasons crowned its lea
With myriad buds of gold.

Yet not a home in brake or bower
Was there to pluck its bloom,
Or token seen of bud or flower
Of human life, or tomb ;

And not a sound of evening bell
E'er thrilled its sylvan shade,
As dying ages moaned their knell
In sea songs of the dead.

PART II.

The scene has changed ! Upon that shore
The foot of man has trod,
And in its shades are found no more
The peace of Nature's God.

Ten thousand sails have crossed its seas,
Where commerce spreads her wings,
And on the ocean-wafted breeze
The iron anvil rings ;

And now no more, in brake or bower,
The gems of Nature smile,
Where human greed and tyrant's power
Has cursed this peaceful isle ;

And on its meads and valley green
No God-robed lillies bloom,
But in the broken shades are seen
The wrecks of life and tomb ;

And from the mountains to the sea,
Where hidden brooklets ran,
The weeping silent stars can see
Sad evidence of man ;

And all around its silver strand,
Where health-blown billows rolled,
The eye can trace on every hand
The lust of power and gold ;

And vapors foul have curst its clime,
While o'er its man-owned soil
Now crowd the haunts of vice and crime,
Where hopeless millions toil ;

And reeking marts with clouded breath
Blot out the morning stars,
While frowning battlements of death
Loom o'er its coral bars ;

And o'er its vales, from shore to shore,
The wrecks of life are strown,
And in its fragrant shades no more
The soul of peace is known.

A VISION.

I dreamt of a dead face
That glowed again with life,
And radiant with the strife
Of love's embrace ;
I saw closed eyes
Wake from that sleep of death,
And health and breath
Blending their dyes
On that young cheek
So lately cold,
While lips unrolled
Essayed to speak ;
I saw the light
Of sense again
Thrilling the brain,
As morning wakes from night ;
Or as the star
That early blends,
When sunset sends
Its rays afar,
And silver bands
That held love's flowers
In death's dark hours,
Bursting from folded hands ;
And weary feet
Stirring again
With life's refrain
And heart's responsive beat ;

And from the tomb,
Shaking the robes of death,
Came, thrilled with life and breath,
A maiden in her bloom,
And on her brow
A crown of gold,
With this enrolled—
“Immortal now.”
And earth was thrilled
With hope’s eternal sun ;
All mortal work was done,
And life’s grand dream fulfilled.

And from the stars,
That sunless were no more,
I heard a host encore
And thrill the immortal bars
From shore to shore.

BETTER THAN GOLD.

Oh ! better than gold is a woman’s heart,
And her love than the miser’s store ;
For the tinsel of gold in an hour may depart,
But the priceless wealth of a true woman’s heart
Is a treasure forever more.

And better her love than the wreaths of fame,
For these, too, may decay ;
But her treasures will cheer in sorrow and pain,
And the youth of her heart it will ever remain,
Though her beauty has faded away.

MARGARET'S RIDE.

A LEGEND OF THE SCOTTISH SHORE.

The castle wakes, the pennant shakes
Above the turrets free,
And silver clouds, in fleecy flakes,
Come drifting from the sea.

The shadow falls along the walls,
And lights flash on the lea,
And loud the sweeping sea-bird calls,
As he drifts o'er the sea.

The distant cliffs reflect the dawn,
As white as chalk can be,
While dewdrops glisten on the lawn
And health blows from the sea.

While birds wake in my lady's bower,
Fair Margaret opes her e'e,
And from the window of her tower
She hails the white-capped sea.

And as she gazed across the mead
Her heart beat light and free ;
"I'll mount," she cried, "my snow-white steed,
And gallop to the sea.

"Go haste, my page, and tell groom John
To bring my horse to me ;
I go this hour to ride alone
And gallop by the sea."

And as she stood arrayed in green,
With tresses waving free,
She seemed the model of a queen,
And fresher than the sea.

Now comes her steed of spotless white,
A noble horse is he ;
She mounted like a gallant knight,
And turned him to the sea.

And well she rides through brake and shaw,
Then thunders o'er the lea ;
The startled woodmen shout " Hurrah !"
As she rides to the sea.

And while she held the ready reins,
Her locks all waving free,
The living blood leaped in her veins
As she rode to the sea.

The startled hare breaks from the fen,
The frightened moorcocks flee,
And terror hides the water-hen,
As she rides to the sea.

And when she turns him on the sands
A willing horse is he,
And needs no urging from her hands
To gallop by the sea.

And swifter than a flash of light
She passed the headland free ;
O, stars ! it was a noble sight,
As she rode by the sea !

Now by the base of towering cliff,
Where sea-washed caverns be,
And where the weeds of ocean drift
For ages from the sea ;

Still onward by the rocky wall,
A thing of life dashed she,
And laughed to hear the eagles call
As she rode by the sea.

And as she passed each frowning steep
And made the pebbles flee,
She seemed a spirit from the deep
As she rode by the sea.

But at the outer bounding reef
A moment still stood she,
And there her joy was turned to grief
On gazing at the sea !

For from the deep blue waters wide,
All o'er the rock-bound lea,
She saw the swift returning tide
Come thundering from the sea !

Along the outer reef she rides
To find some outlet free,
But only met the rising tides
That thundered from the sea.

She turned again along the sands,
In hope that aid might be
In passing yet the rocky bands
That walled her in the sea.

“Oh, save me now, my noble steed !
Oh, save me, Lord !” cried she ;
The willing horse, with lightning speed,
Dashed onward by the sea.

His heated breath, like sheets of foam,
Rolled from his nostrils free,
And still he dashed like lightning on
To save her from the sea.

And though the swift returning tide
Had reached his struggling knee,
He still, with nostrils foaming wide,
Dashed onward through the sea.

The shrieking gulls, like fiends of death,
Swept round them with wild glee,
But still the beating of his breath
Was heard above the sea.

And on and on, with reeking flanks,
Through seething waves dashed he,
And fought to reach the distant banks
And save her from the sea.

The waters rose above his breast,
And to his neck clung she,
Yet through the foaming tide he pressed
To save her from the sea.

And though within his bloodshot eyes
The fires of terror be,
He struggles onward till he dies,
To save her from the sea.

One dying leap, one dying scream,
Rings on that rocky lea,
And where the noble horse was seen
Is nothing but the sea !

Around yon tower the seasons speed,
But none again shall see
Fair Margaret and her milk-white steed
That perished in the sea.

But when the tempest loud and coarse
Breaks on the rocky lea,
The mariner sees a spectre horse
And rider on the sea.

And often, by the winter hearth,
Midst children's merry glee,
Grandfathers tell, with bated breath,
This legend of the sea.

MOSES BROWN.

'Twas on a fair September day,
Now twenty years ago,
'Twas afternoon, I too might say,
Because the sun was low ;
And I can this remember still,
That all that afternoon,
The arching sky, o'er vale and hill,
Was clear as rosy June ;
And there, among the shady dells,
I roamed at will, alone,
Where echo caught the village bells,
With their soft semitone.
The golden sunset lent its shade,
No feet was there but mine,
Nor human call of man nor maid
In that New England clime ;
Here waving fields of golden maze,
There meads of emerald green,
And through the distant autumn haze
The village spire was seen.
There once the beaver reared her young,
Where now rich harvests grow,
And there the red-skinned savage flung
His war spear long ago ;
And winding roads o'er vale and lee,
Traversed by brooks and rills,
Whose rugged ramparts seemed to be
Coeval with the hills ;

And fence and rail and rustic stile
Mapped out the rock-ribbed dells
Where drowsy cattle lounged awhile,
And shook their twinkling bells ;
And there, down in a tangled waste,
Where cedars yet may wave,
I paused in wonder, as I traced
The outlines of a grave—
So bare, so bleak, from tracings free,
That careless feet might pass
A thousand times, yet never see
That shadow on the grass ;
No crumbled wall, no sculpture old,
No record left to show,
But one rude stone, whose letters told
The sleeper's name below ;
But of his birth, or of his time,
In hamlet, street or town,
I only found this mouldering line.
“ Here rests old Moses Brown.”

A WISH.

Oh, that my soul could fly
On the wings of a summer cloud,
Where no shadows shall ever enshroud
The depths of the boundless sky !
Oh, to float away
Beyond the sunset bars,
To the home of the nameless stars,
And the light of eternal day !

THE SCOTTISH SHEPHERD.

The shepherd sits upon the grass,
His flocks are on the hill ;
The seasons come, the seasons pass,
But he is yonder still.
He has no thought of coming care,
Has nought to gain or lose ;
He puts no varnish on his hair,
Nor polish on his shoes.
He rises daily with the sun,
Drinks at the fountain's rim ;
The passing seasons, as they run,
Bring nothing new for him.
His kingdom is the mountain side,
O'er paths his flocks have worn,
He looks across the landscape wide
To scenes where he was born.
The end and purpose of his day,
That purpose he fulfils ;
The songs of Nature are his praise,
His temples are the hills.
The war of race, the hate of creeds,
He seeks not to explore ;
He gets the little that he needs—
The mighty get no more.
Who would not live the shepherd's life,
And tread the paths he trod,
To live removed from human strife,
Alone with Nature's God ?

“ ONLY A CHILD.”

“ Only a child,”
I heard him say,
Then the speaker smiled
And moved away.
“ Only a child,” said the thoughtless throng,
But I musing thought, as I went along :

Only a little cheek
Faded and chill,
Only two little feet
Forever still ;
Only another grave
Beneath those trees,
Where the grasses wave
In the Autumn breeze.

Only two little eyes
Folded in sleep,
Never to rise
And never to weep ;
Only a little dust
To the great store,
Where the myriads rust
For evermore.

Only a little head,
Pillowed so low
With the nameless dead,
Where we all must go ;
Only a voice hushed
In its little song,
And a mother crushed
Through her lifelong.

LIVE THE REPUBLIC !

Live the Republic ! Let the words go forth
From rocky Andes to the distant sea,
Peal through the forests of the starry North
In thunder tones, the nation shall be free !
Live the Republic ! Let the anthem ring
From freedom's lips along the surf-beat shore ;
Live the Republic ! Let the nations sing
Among the Isles, while continents encore.

Live the Republic ! Let the words ascend
From mother's lips who teach the children's prayer ;
Live the Republic ! Let the watchman send
It from the ramparts on the midnight air ;
Live the Republic ! Let the thunder peal it
Out from the battlements at early morn ;
Live the Republic ! Let the dying seal it,
A living legacy to hosts unborn.

Live the Republic ! This the battle cry
From freedom's host that charge the tyrant foe ;
Live the Republic ! This the latest sigh
From martyr heroes heavenward as they go ;
Live the Republic ! Let the words be sung
Around the capstan on the iron deck ;
Live the Republic ! Peals the evening gun
On distant shores, where tyrant thrones may shake ;
Live the Republic ! Columbia's sons, awake !

IN MEMORY OF JOHN REID.

And thou art dead, my friend—
 Passed like a breath away ;
 While we are left to say,
Is this the end ?

And thou art still, great heart !
 To friendship ever leal ;
 While we in sorrow feel
Thou hast the better part.

Those lips are silent now !
 Thy life-long deeds remain
 With neither blush nor stain
Upon thy brow.

And hearts that loved thee well
 Bow 'round thy silent bier,
 To drop a parting tear,
With one long, sad farewell.

No more beneath the sun,
 In busy mart or street,
 We hear thy tireless feet ;
Thy race is run.

Had early fate but willed,
 Where feeblér tongues debate
 In lofty halls of state,
Thou mightst have thrilled !

Or worn the ermine crown,
Where sculptured bronze,
With lettered scroll, enthrones
Deathless renown.

But faultless Nature drew,
With happier mold,
Thy heart of gold,
To honor ever true.

Oh, fleeting breath,
Brief as the taper light,
Quenched in the starless night,
Of unrelenting death !

True friend in need,
Thy crown is won,
Thy race is run,
Beloved, lamented REID !

THE HUNGRY POLITICIAN.

I often in my anger rave,
To find some definition
To demonstrate that truckling knave,
The hungry politician ;

And wonder by what devilish plan
Old Nature's law maintains
A wretch to best his fellow-man,
By passing brass for brains.

The nauseous role of pampered kings
Breeds many a loathsome flunkey ;
But from this age of cliques and rings
Has sprung this leprous donkey !

Can you propound, O reverend priest,
When Noah first frequented
His ancient boat with bird and beast,
Was this wretch represented ?

And tell me, ye, who underground
Hath toiled with hand unwearied,
If e'er his brainless skull was found
In the Silurian period ?

And let the student pause and think
While I propound the query—
If this is not the long-sought link—
That proves the Darwin theory ?

For certain he is part the snake—
To honor's law a traitor,
With all the cunning of the ape,
And greed of the alligator.

From withering curse of ancient creeds
Let learning's light repent us,
But this foul curse of Satan's needs
Man's second fall hath sent us.

In ruined halls of perished thrones
The hungry wolf is prowling,
And o'er their crumbling towers and domes
The gusts of time are howling.

But sadder yet the tempest rolls
Down this proud age of culture,
When on the wreck of human souls
There feeds this lecherous vulture !

Oh ! silent mounds of martyr's dust,
That died to save a nation,
Your tombs must sink, *when virtues rust*
In utter desolation !

With transient dreams of power and gold
The demagogue may nurse us,
But for our birthright, cheaply sold,
The babe unborn shall curse us !

And Liberty herself may weep,
While foreign knaves may scoff us,
To see men on their bellies creep
To lick the slime of office !

There's many a knave since Adam fell
Has gone to black perdition,
But the meanest wretch in the vaults of hell
Is the hungry politician !

GOLDEN GRAINS.

Only a mite given in honest love,
By humble hands, rugged and rough with toil,
Only a bite, seen from the stars above,
May make a weary watching angel smile.

Only a school boy's dream,
Wending his pathway to the village school,
May be a vision of the great unseen,
In mimic navies on the wayside pool.

Only the sunlight, in a widow's home,
Falling upon the hearth where God is praised,
May grander be than gleam of gilded dome,
Sparkling afar, that tyrant's power has raised.

Only the humble head
Of some toil martyr in the roadway slime,
May be with grander, nobler crown arrayed,
Than princely diadem, won through blood and crime.

Only a midnight thought
Born in sorrow in the attic drear,
May be the soul of battles yet unfought,
To change the commerce of a hemisphere.

Only a mother's prayer
O'er her first born, when fades the closing day,
May crown a harvest yet, more rich, more rare
Than all the impassioned creeds of wild Cathay.

WHEN JAMIE MEETS WI' ME.

The mavis sings his gloaming sang,
The kye come owre the lea,
And shadows frae the hills grow lang
When Jamie meets wi' me.

The drowsy blossoms scent the air
Frae brier and hawthorn tree,
And a' the sweets o' heaven are there
When Jamie meets wi' me.

There's silence in the coverts deep,
The cushie shuts her e'e,
And weary linties gang to sleep
When Jamie meets wi' me.

Let gowks sing o' their summer bowers
Beyond the tropic sea,
Gie me auld Scotland's gloaming hours
When Jamie meets wi' me.

And let wee lairdies hae the bliss
That land and bawbees gie—
It's naething to oor honest kiss
When Jamie meets wi' me.

There's folk wha like the clank o' bells—
We're different as can be;
For I'll hae naebody but oorsels
When Jamie meets wi' me.

A LEGEND OF ROSLIN CASTLE.

“ I will tell you a tale,” said the hoary sire,
As he sat in the fading light,
And we hung around the blazing fire
On that merry Christmas night ;
While above the eaves the wind did blow
The drifting flakes of the virgin snow.

So the lamps were lit in the ancient hall,
And the logs piled on anew
In the wide old hearth, where we gathered all
To hear his story through ;
Then with a sigh the good old man
This tale of Roslin Tower began :—

“ ’Tis forty years now past and gone,
I think, next Whitsuntide,
Or thereabout, since brother John
Brought home his Yankee bride ;
And the guns were fired and the bells were tolled
As up the lawn the carriage rolled.

“ And there was music in the bowers,
That pealed from tower and dome,
And porch and pillar hung with flowers,
To bid them welcome home ;
But though the scene was fair to see,
The fairest flower of all was she.

“ And merry rang the village bells
 From spire and turret gray,
And like a harvest anthem swells
 To hail that marriage day ;
And well the yeomen did encore
When she stepped from the carriage door.

“ And I recall it like a dream,
 When she stood in the hall,
And looked the model of a queen,
 The wonder of us all ;
And how my mother kissed her there,
And led her to the ancient chair.

“ And then was brought the vintage clear,
 While ancient corks were drawn,
To quaff ‘Our Daughter!’ with a cheer
 That echoed on the lawn ;
But when the loving cup she pressed,
The tears were falling on her breast.

“ Then spoke our sire, like knight of old,
 And touched his ancient crest :
‘ We bid thee welcome to our fold,
 Fair daughter of the West ;
And though from distant lands unknown,
Thy kith and kindred are our own.’

“ And in the tresses of her hair
 He placed two heather bells :
‘ Long may you breathe our native air
 And love our rugged dells ;
For though *our* isle hath lesser claim,
Our native eagles are the same.’

“ And there was mirth 'neath groin and arch,
 With song and dance and glee ;
And how my father tripped the march
 Was something good to see !
While ancient warriors on the wall
Lent stately grandeur to it all.

“ And thus flew past their bridal hour,
 Like some brief summer tide,
As fleets the bee from flower to flower,
 My brother and his bride,
With not a shadow on their skies
To dull their mirth or dim their eyes.

“ Through bower and brake, through coverts long,
 No thought their love to sever,
Where linnets sang their bridal song,
 Forever and forever ;
While at the board or on the hearth
Her laugh was loudest in our mirth.

“ But why recall those perished days
That cannot come again,
But fleet across life's fading haze
Like phantoms of my brain?
Those songs are hushed, those hearts are still,
And groin and arch are cold and chill.

“ For death was in the coming hour,
When we resolved one day
To see fair Roslin's ruined tower,
That stood some leagues away ;
But better for our house, I ween,
That Roslin Tower had never been.

“ The morn is fair ; each harnessed steed
Seems eager for the fray ;
No merrier group e'er crossed the Tweed
Than we went forth that day—
John and his bride, our cousins tall,
Myself and father—six in all.

“ The breath of life is on the breeze,
As from the heath it blows,
And over all such ærial seas
As only Scotland knows ;
While red-tiled hamlets lent their sheen
To break the dark, deep Autumn green.

- “ And on we speed, mile after mile,
By ancient field and flood,
Where every rood of freedom's soil
Was bought with Scotland's blood,
And where her glens, from sea to sea,
Still ring the anthems of the free !
- “ By broken cliff, by moss and stone,
Where night's first shadows fall,
And silver Esk goes rippling on .
Beneath the castle wall,
From hill and muir, through brake and fen,
Down song-loved Scotia's noblest glen.
- “ We rest our steeds at hamlet low,
By Roslin's red-tiled inn,
And down the ringing groves we go
To reach the castle grim ;
Through ancient forest's hawthorn glades,
Where once rode forth proud cavalcades.
- “ Down where the deep-pooled waters flow
Beneath the rock-ribbed bands,
Like ruined tomb of long ago,
The roofless castle stands,
And casts its shadows long and deep
From turret wall and donjon keep.

- “ We enter through the portal walls
 With merry marriage glee,
And linger in the ruined halls
 Where wassail used to be,
And from the fallen stair we scan
The ruined tower and bartizan ;
- “ And gaze out from the casement rude
 Where once, with curtains drawn,
The love-lorn hooded maiden stood
 To watch the coming dawn,
Or listened, in those days of yore,
To midnight lute of troubadour.
- “ And now the ready lunch is spread
 Around the moss-grown hearth,
Where oft the booted warrior led
 The ancient Christmas mirth,
And where that whispered tale was told
That still is new, though time grows old.
- “ ‘ Come seek and find me ! ’ cries the bride,
 When our brief feast is o’er,
And from the hall we see her glide
 To pass the low-arched door,
And down the steps that lead below
We hear her footsteps fainter grow.

“ My brother stands one moment there,
Our cousins laugh aside,
And, passing down the turret stair,
He runs to find his bride ;
But hidden bride he seeks in vain—
That bride was never found again !

“ We follow, where the arch is low,
To search the dungeons wide,
And list the echoes as they go,
To find the hidden bride ;
But search in vain ; 'neath arch and mound
All echoes die—no bride is found !

“ My father stares, our cousins weep,
My brother rends his hair,
And rushes through the donjon keep
In hope to find her there ;
But not a speck 'neath arch or stone
He found, to tell where she had gone !

“ We linger through that fatal day
Till shadows grow opaque,
And tear my brother John away,
A raving maniac ;
And when we pass the portal's gloom
We know that portal is her tomb !

“ One hundred days they watched that pile
From early dawn till late,
But not an echo crowned their toil
To tell them of her fate ;
But often from those dungeons barred
A midnight wail of woe was heard ;

“ Till twenty years had rung the knell
Of seasons passing round,
When far below the captive's cell
A skeleton was found,
Where by some ancient tyrant's snare
She was entombed, and perished there ! ”

The old man ceased, the fire was low,
Each speaker held his breath,
And save the drifting of the snow,
The hall was still as death ;
But often since, at twilight's hour,
We tell the tale of Roslin Tower.

OH ! LET ME ROAM !

Oh ! let me roam the mountains high,
Where the winds of freedom blow,
Above my head the arching sky,
And the misty glens below !
Oh ! let me wing my flight away
To the golden gates afar,
To chant the hymn of the new-born day,
Beneath the morning star !

MARY.

I see ae star hangs in the lift—

 The only star that decks the cary—
It's waiting on this munelicht nicht
 To licht me owre the hills to Mary.

Dark is the muir, the road is lang,
 And howlets scream frae yon auld tower,
But there's for me a lintie's sang
 Aye ringing in yon cottage bower.

And though the clouds be black wi' snaw,
 And winds come howling frae the sea,
Let howlets scream or tempest blaw,
 They canna keep my heart frae thee.

The weary flocks hae gane to rest,
 And mirk and dreary is the lea,
But there's nae winter in the breast
 That's waiting in yon cot for me.

And though nae stars may cheer the nicht,
 Nor beacons flash frae cot or ha',
There's aye for me a loving licht
 In Mary's een, that dings them a'.

Let pampered princes deck their bowers
 Wi' treasures rare of earth and sea,
Nae monarch's gowd can steal the flowers
 That Mary's heart aye holds for me.

WHEN SANDY GAED AWAY.

Gae, man, and bring yer fiddle doon,
And gie yer strings a thraw,
For we maun hae anither tune
Ere Sandy gangs awa'.

For there's mysel' and Jock McNeil,
Wi' anither ane or twa,
Are gaun to hae anither reel
Ere Sandy gangs awa'.

Tam Scott will dance the Hielan' Fling
Wi' Ross and Duncan Shaw—
We're gaun to mak' the rafters ring
When Sandy gaes awa' !

Sae get yer fiddle tuned again,
McTosh will gie's a blaw ;
Guid faith ! we'll let the neebor's ken
That Sandy's gaun awa' !

We'll get auld Luckie Tamson's byre—
The kirk wad be owre sma' ;
Guidsakes ! they'll think the Tweed's on fire
When Sandy gangs awa' !

And sae they met, ae Friday nicht,
Wi' lots o' usquebae,
And I can tell ye 'twas a sicht,
When Sandy gaed awa' !

For miles aroun' their cronies cam',
To drink and dance and jaw;
Ye needna think it was a sham,
When Sandy gaed awa'!

Dumbarton Kate and comely Jean,
And Betty frae the Shaw—
Lord! sic a nicht was never seen
Since Sandy gaed awa'!

And how they danced and how they sang!
The like I never saw;—
The very hills aroun' us rang
When Sandy gaed awa'!

Wi' country dance, strathspey and reel,
As fast's the bow could draw—
I'm sure it wad hae scared the deil,
When Sandy gaed awa'!

The drouthy souter left his awl,
The blacksmith ceased to blaw,
And tailor Robie led the ball,
When Sandy gaed awa'.

Auld grannies frae the Scouring-burn,
Young hizzies frae Bug-ha',
And e'en the Dom'nie took a turn
When Sandy gaed awa'.

The mune gaed doon, the morning came—
They didna care a straw,
But drank and capered on the same,
When Sandy gaed awa'.

The mid-day sun had reached its hicht—
It grew to half-past twa—
But still they danced wi' candle licht,
Till Sandy gaed awa'.

Not till the usquebae was dune,
They yield to Nature's law ;
They danced the soles maist aff their shoon,
When Sandy gaed awa' !

There's no' a living soul that nicht
Had strength to lift his paw ;
Lordsake ! it was an awfu' sicht,
When Sandy gaed awa' !

My story's dune ; the dance is o'er :
That dance of forty-twa
Has ne'er its like in Scottish lore
Since Sandy gaed awa'.

LET ME DIE !

Let me die
When the days are long,
And mirth and song
 Flood earth and sky ;
The hour be, when the day is done,
And shadows hide the setting sun.

Let brake and bower,
From hill and dale,
With gladness hail
 My dying hour ;
The sound to waft my latest sigh
Be Mother Nature's lullaby ;

No tears be shed,
Nor priests be there,
With meaningless prayer,
 To mock my bed,
Nor creed to thrill my latest breath
With dread of doom, or fear of death ;

But let me go,
As the freed eagle flies
Upward to purer skies
 From earth below ;
Or like the bird, when summer fades,
Who wings his flight for tropic glades.

By brook or river
Lay me to rest
On Nature's breast,
 At peace forever !
No lettered scroll nor bust be seen,
To tell that I had ever been.

THE HAME WHERE I WAS BORN.

Oh for an hour in yon wee bower
That lay ayont the corn,
Or a keek again, through the window pane,
Of the hame where I was born !

Oh for a glint of the auld gray hills,
That rang with the harvest horn,
And a touch of the hand that woke me there,
In the hame where I was born !

Oh for a nicht wi' the auld lamp licht,
Or an hour of the simmer morn,
To hear the breeze amang the trees,
Around where I was born !

Oh for the mirth of the auld stane hearth,
When the harvest rigs were shorn,
And the guid auld sang, when the rafters rang,
In the hame where I was born !

Oh for a note frae the lintie's throat,
That sang in the auld hawthorn,
Or the robin's trill on the window sill,
Of the hame where I was born !

Oh the memories there of the hamely prayer,
That no scoffer dared to scorn !
But the voice has gane frae the auld hearthstane,
In the hame where I was born !

I LIKE A RAINY DAY.

I like a rainy day
 Now and then ;
I love the solemn gray,
As my day dreams drift away
 With the rain.

Especially if I'm snug
 In the warm ingle nook,
With my feet upon the rug,
And with glass and water mug
 And a book.

You think it an illusion
 Or a dream,
When the absence of confusion,
And the sense of non-intrusion,
 Are supreme.

But I like to see again,
 In the glow,
Strange fancies crowd my brain,
While they whisper, in the rain,
 Of long ago.

Perhaps it is the song
 Of a brother,
Or the lover's passion strong,
Or the lullaby's prolong
 Of my mother.

Or the music of the bees,
And the joy,
When summer robed the trees,
And I reveled in the breeze,
As a boy ;

Or the days when romp and play
Was the rule,
And the task was laid away,
On that weekly holiday
Of the school.

Oh ! the glorious escapades
Of the hills !
Oh ! the memory of the shades
Of the valleys and the glades,
And the rills !

Oh ! I like a rainy day
Now and then,
When the solemn earth is gray,
And the tempest beats its lay
On the pane !

BESSIE'S POPLIN DRESS.

A CHILD'S STORY.

This is a little story with a moral,
A simple tale,
Making no pretensions to the floral,
But unadorned by gild or coral,
It lifts the veil
To point a picture—being nothing less
Than a simple story of a poplin dress
Worn by a girl at a festival,
Whose name was "Little Bess."

There is a certain church—I need not name it,
Nor mention where it stands—
And though it has no tower (you need not blame it)
Nor noisy bell there to proclaim it,
Nor wall with brownstone bands;
Yet who can tell, but when its hearts adore,
To praise that God who reigns for evermore,
Those lifted hands
May be acceptable as when kings implore?

Now it was near the middle of sweet June,
In the strawberry season,
That green-robed month when Nature is in bloom,
And all the air is rich with sweet perfume,
And when all sneezing
Had been forgotten with the winter's ice,
Upon the Sabbath it was mentioned twice,
To hold a festival so pleasing,
By Pastor Price.

No doubt but all had been arranged before,
 And he, the pastor,
Only told the people—nothing more ;
Because the elders had laid in a store
 Of strawberries and cream (and one castor),
While Brother Smillie had been several days
Busy with Brother Jeffery, who says
 That the grand master
Of the whole concern was Brother Hays.

Well, well, it may be ; all I know is this,
 That a certain little girl
Resolved, upon that night, to make a show
With a white poplin dress, and wear it low,
 And then to twirl
A blue silk sash about her waist,
And fix her hair up with the greatest taste,
 And have one golden curl,
Resplendent with oil and paste.

So on that night, when Bessie went to bed,
 She lay still scheming
An hour, resolving in her little head
How she would trim the flounce with lace and braid,
 But never dreaming
That she *would* dream, when once she fell asleep,
Of having gone out, with her shoeless feet,
 And wake up screaming,
Thinking she was naked on the street !

So Bessie woke, and had her little cry—
 So like her sex !—
She heard her brother snoring nigh,
Then thought upon her dream, which made her sigh.
 'Tis strange how a dream connects
The real with the unreal, for even our clothes
Will jar us much, as every lady knows
 How we can vex
Our hearts about a ruffle, worse than all our foes.

And my wee Bess was only a wee woman,
 A child of Mother Eve ;
She was all life and hope, her cheeks were blooming,
And she resolved to wear the dress, presuming
 Its cut would grieve
Her fellow-scholars when she showed it there—
Not but that she loved them, pair by pair,
 But, by your leave, .
'Tis like us all, although the ladies stare.

So on that night, when all the folk assembled
 And filled each pew,
Poor Bessie, in her frills, resembled
A little Cupid ; but her poor heart trembled,
 Because she knew
Another little girl sat yonder mocking
At what she called her airs, and oh ! most shocking !
 Whether false or true,
Whispered that Bessie wore a colored stocking !

And Mary Prattle, in the other seat,
 Also commented
Upon poor Bessie's "clumsy feet."
Meanwhile, another little envious cheat
 A fib invented,
By whispering to their listening brothers
That it was "a faded thing" made from her mother's,
 And represented
That it was moth-eaten, while the laugh she smothers.

Now Bessie, though she heard not, knew all this,
 Because the heart
By instinct knows that oftentimes a hiss
Is hidden 'neath a sneer, while envy's kiss
 Assumes the better part;
And though she blushed and smiled,
And almost her own heart beguiled,
 Yet envy's dart
Wounded the simple child.

But still she hoped to have her hour of pleasure,
 And vainly toiled
To linger in the aisles with well-feigned leisure,
While her poor mother thought her quite a treasure
 And proudly smiled,
As mothers will—'tis natural to all
Good mothers: since our first mother's fall
 They have beguiled
Their weary hearts to hide dark sorrow's pall.

But with the rest : The fleeting evening past
 On like a dream,
Making the most of all, until, at last,
A crowning horror o'er the scene was cast,
 For, with a scream,
All eyes were turned on little Bess,
For, in the middle of the strawberry mess,
 A plate of cream
By a rude boy was emptied on her dress !

So Bessie wept, as the sad heart can weep
 When pleasure fades ;
For even the mighty, when the wreck complete
Of ruined empires sink beneath their feet,
 Must bow their heads ;
For kings have wept to feel the advancing stroke
Of freedom's thunder, when their power was broke,
 And tyrant's too, when might's illusion fades :
'Tis but the moral of poor Bessie's frock.

So Bessie left the little church in tears,
 Hating her dress ;
And often she has told, in after years,
(Herself a mother,) to her listening dears,
 And would impress
Upon *their* hearts this lesson of her life,
Which taught herself the worth of joy and strife.
 And though my moral may grow less and less,
 It made the woman, from the wounded Bess,
A true and faithful wife.

So here, at last, my simple story ends :
And may it teach
An early lesson to my little friends—
That striving after only selfish ends,
Beyond their reach,
May prove a shadow on ambition's wall ;
For castles built on sand too often fall,
As preachers preach :
So may it be a lesson to us all.

GAE BRING TO ME A HEATHER BELL.

Gae bring to me a heather bell,
Across the deep blue sea,
A token of my native dell
Of Scotland, ere I dee.

Gae bring it frae my native shore,
From youth's immortal shrine,
And let it thrill my heart once more
With dreams of auld lang syne.

Oh ! bring it frae my native hills,
Flower of my native sky,
A blossom from the mountain rills
To bless my latest sigh.

And when my heart has gaen to rest
With one fond breathed farewell,
Then lay it on my silent breast,
Dear Scotland's heather bell !

SONG OF THE PRAIRIE MAID

Oh ! I'm a child of the prairie free,
And roam its vastness wide ;
And I love the sweep of its boundless lea,
And the roll of its grassy tide.

And I leave my bed when rosy dawn
Breaks over its disc afar,
And haste away, on my wild mustang,
To the home of the morning star.

And I gild my locks with the morning sun,
As over its wastes I fly,
And bathe my limbs where the brooklets run,
Beneath the boundless sky.

And I wait my love when the shadows fall,
As he comes with the rising moon,
And hear his song in the nightbird's call
To his mate in the dark lagoon.

Oh ! my soul is free as the spirit cloud
That drinks the morning dew,
And floats away on its ether shroud
In the depths of the pathless blue.

Oh ! I'm a child of the prairie wild,
Where my infant hours began,
And roam its wastes with heart unsoiled,
On the breast of my wild mustang !

MEET ME WHERE THE COVERTS RING.

Meet me, love, where coverts ring
With the gladness of the Spring,
Where the distant echoes fade
In the stillness of the shade ;

Meet me where the daisies sweet
Deck the grasses 'neath our feet,
And the bending willows glow
With the crystal brooks below ;

Where no human sound shall come
From the distant city's hum,
Where the leafy groves above
Shade the temples of our love,

And the dew-robed flow'ret vies
With the gladness of your eyes ;
There, in leafy coverts grand,
Let us wander hand in hand ;

Not a thought of fleeting day
As the moments pass away—
Days but moments, as they roll,
Lip to lip and soul to soul ;

Not a dream of earth or air,
All the wealth of life is there.
Others seek, where fashion flows,
Noisy solace for their woes ;

But no crowded mart can be
What thy raptures bring to me.
Meet me, love, where coverts ring
With the gladness of the Spring ;

Where the song of birds and bee
Blend sweet summer songs for thee,
And the ringing groves encore,
Love is love for evermore !

MY LOVE CAM' OWRE THE LOMOND HILLS.

My love cam' owre the Lomond hills,
When a' the toon was sleepin',
And on the lea he met wi' me,
Whaur nane could see our meetin'.

The mune and stars that summer night
Their silent watch were keepin',
But never bliss was like the kiss
He gave me at our meetin' !

The sighing winds cam' frae the lea,
Fond echoes still repeatin',
And hidden brooks sang in the nooks
To bless our tender meetin'.

But he is gane, and I'm alane,
My heart grown sair wi' greetin' ;
But soon, I ween, kind angels' een
Will bless our fondest meetin'.

THE MAID OF BALTIMORE.

Come, comrades all, your glasses fill,
And my good toast encore ;
I give it here with right good-will—
“The Maid of Baltimore !”

Come ring it out from here to Maine,
Along the surf-beat shore,
Till echo rolls it back again—
The Maid of Baltimore !

And when the tempest rends our sail,
Where ocean billows roar,
We'll send it outward on the gale—
The Maid of Baltimore !

Of ancient dames let poets brag,
We still thy name encore,
Fair daughter of the starry flag—
The Maid of Baltimore !

Let princes sigh, where beauty reigns
In ancient Elsinore,
We toast the child of freedom's veins—
The Maid of Baltimore !

And while our eagle's wings are free,
O'er freemen's homes to soar,
We'll drink it still, on land and sea—
The Maid of Baltimore !

TO MARGARET.

There is an hour, in the eternal past,
For which my weary soul has often sighed—
An hour that has outlived life's rudest blast,
And in my heart of hearts has never died.
That hour was twilight: on the surf-beat shore,
Stirred by the ceaseless thunder of the sea,
I stood upon the sands and heard its roar,
And my companion on the sands was thee.

Our hearts were young, our cheeks were round with
youth ;
We mused and dreamed of golden hours to come,
And built our castles on these sands, forsooth,
Ere life's sad lessons had in truth begun.
We had no thought of earth, no dream of care ;
We lived, we loved, we met—and parted, too ;
The angel Hope was waiting with us there,
And with us parted in that fond adieu.

You have forgotten that long-perished hour ;
Its brief existence faded from thy brain ;
But yet, with me, it still retains the power
To call a thousand memories back again.
And through the coming years I'll think of it,
For all its magic still remains with me ;
Nor, while I breathe, can memory e'er forget
That ceaseless surf, those silver sands, nor thee.

SING OF LOVE, THE MAIDEN SAID.

Sing of love, the maiden said,
Sing it ere the roses fade ;
Sing it, as he sang to me,
In the moonlight by the sea.
Sing the song the echoes sang,
When the leafy coverts rang ;
Sing it in the silent woods,
In the dreamy solitudes,
Where no other sound may be
Than the song he sang to me.
Trill it softly, heather bells,
Where the sweet-songed linnet dwells,
And where mountain breezes sigh ;
Pour it, song lark, from the sky,
Till the valleys ring again
With the universal strain ;
And sweet echo, send the bars
Upward to the morning stars,
Floating o'er the ærial sea,
Where my lover waits for me.

A PEARL.

A pearl, cast upon the wave-ribbed shore,
Flung from old ocean's treasure caves below,
May deck the diadem on a monarch's brow ;
'Tis but a bauble there, and nothing more !
But pearl thoughts, flashed from the human soul,
May thrill this living globe from pole to pole.

AULD SCOTLAND'S HILLS.

Auld Scotland's hills, auld Scotland's hills,
Your memory brings to me
The breath o' whins and yellow broom,
Owre countless leagues of sea ;
I see the reek abune your howes,
Across the slopes of green,
And thistles waving on your knowes,
Where oft my feet have been.

Auld Scotland's hills, auld Scotland's hills,
Your heather waves as free
As when, in childhood's sinless years,
My mither sang to me ;
And doon your glens the covert rings,
Where wimpling burnies flow,
And loud and lang the mavis sings
His song of long ago.

Auld Scotland's hills, auld Scotland's hills,
You're dearer still to me
Than a' the wealth o' boasted isles
That deck the tropic sea ;
And richer is the deathless lore
That memory owes to thee,
Than a' the gems of India's shore
Or Peru's fabled sea.

Auld Scotland's hills, auld Scotland's hills,
Life's sun is sinking low,
And soon beyond the sunless shades
My weary feet must go ;—
But as the circling ages run,
While memory's wings are free,
I'll sing it still, beyond the sun,
Auld Scotland's hills for me !

FIRST LOVE.

They stood beneath the trysting tree,
The silver moon was high ;
“ Farewell, my love, farewell,” said he ;
She answered with a sigh.
“ Farewell, my love, the stars are old,
And the sun has gone to rest ;”
And he kissed her drooping head of gold
That nestled on his breast.

“ Farewell, my love ; it cannot be
That time or space may sever
The bond that binds my soul to thee ;
My love is thine forever !
Come, pledge me, love, by earth and sky,
Come swear by brook and river ;”
“ I swear,” she answered with a sigh,
“ My love is thine forever !”

They stand beneath the trysting tree,
The silver moon sinks low,
Then slowly homeward, he and she,
Linked hand in hand they go.
Her village home is hushed and still,
Her watchful mother sleeping,
They part beneath the window sill,
And he and she are weeping.

The sun is sinking in the west ;
Dead is that trysting tree ;
She has a baby at her breast,
And happy twins has he !
The passing seasons come and go
O'er mountain, brook and river,
And wide apart the currents flow
That severed them forever !

ODE TO WOMAN.

Hail ! woman, sweetest boon of life !
What would this planet be,
With all its sorrow and its strife,
If unadorned by thee ?

The gorgeous tint of floral dyes
That decks the tropic clime,
Or dreaming depth of summer skies,
Had never charms like thine.

The sweep of fancy's magic power
That weaves the poet's dream,
Were but the vapor of an hour
Had woman never been.

The lingering spell of perished years
That memory's wings enfold,
Were but as rags the miser wears,
And worthless as his gold.

Old Nature's hand profusion lends
To deck earth's gorgeous ball,
But woman moves among her gems
The pearl of them all.

Creation's lord has wealth untold,
The love of friend and brother ;
But grander loves her sex unfold—
The love of wife and mother.

She thrills the pulse of love's sweet dream,
And weaves the wreaths of fame,
And holds the peasant, peer and king
Within her magic chain.

When sinks the heart with cheerless toil,
With care and sorrow driven,
Hope springs exulting from her smile,
And links this earth with heaven !

SANDY SCOTT.

A curious chiel was Sandy Scott,
Wha wadna tell a lee
For fifty pounds, yet pawned his coat
To gang upon a spree !

And though each Sabbath day he sat
Wi' Betty in his pew,
Just like a saint, he'd be for that
On Monday roaring fu' !

He argued weel on kirk and state,
Was mighty strong on hell,
And when the drink was in his pate,
He'd beat the laird himsel'.

He proved it from the Apostle Paul,
And ancient prophets too—
The only guid thing since the fall
Was Hielan' mountain dew !

He lo'ed the auld kirk frae his birth,
And made this declaration,
The only safe thing on this earth
Was fordinordination !

And when he did get roaring fu'
He'd preach and sing by turns,
And mixed his gospel through and through
Wi' broken screeds frae Burns.

And when at nicht he'd stagger hame,
And "Bet" would scold and cry,
He'd swear his mither was to blame,
Since he was "clecket" dry.

His only failing was the drink;
His heart was leal and true,
And never cost pur "Bet" a wink
Except when he got fu'.

He made the claes for a' the toon,
And swore that his auld shears
Had frae his sires been handed down
For maist a thousand years!

Yet though his story seems absurd
Of how his craft had ranged,
Of ae thing sure, I'll gie my word,
His fashions never changed!

For far and near his neighbors said,
In hamlet, cot or ha',
A pair of breeks he never made
That had been found too sma'!

They aye were ample roun' the waist
And roomy roun' the knees,
So when their wearer was in haste
They waggit in the breeze!

His Sunday coat had collars wide,
That hid the lugs behind,
Wi' flapping pouches on the side
Auld Noah nicht designed.

Sometimes for weeks he'd mind his shears,
The model of sobriety,
And proved himself amang his peers
The very best society.

But then wad come his evil hour,
When a' was broken through,
And aff he'd gang wi' Tam Lintour,
And get guid roaring fu'.

A'thing was tried, frae threats to prayer,
To wean him frae the "cratur,"
But as the whiter grew his hair
His craving grew the greater.

At last a joke was tried for fun
(It was some wag's invention),
But only proved when it was done
That he was past redemption.

Auld Scott lay in a drunken fit
At Duncan's in the clachan—
The very mention o' it yet
Sets a' the toon a-laughing.

They brought a coffin to the inn,
All mounted grim and sable ;
They put the drunken sleeper in,
And set it on a table.

They tied a napkin owre his een,
Stuck feathers in the handles,
And roun' the table, white and clean,
They set some burning candles.

Then hung a skull upon the wa',
Arranged upon a swivel,
That gave its visage sic a thraw
As nicht hae scared the devil !

And all aroun', wi' string and hook,
They made red curtain swell,
Wi' crimson lights, that made it look
The embodiment of hell.

Then in a press a specter crept
(This was the master stroke),
To watch auld Sandy while he slept
And scare him when he woke !

Thus Sandy lay, wrapped in his shroud,
For hours where he was laid,
And saving that he snored sae loud,
They nicht hae thocht him dead.

The candles burned low and dim,
While time crept on apace,
But still the sheeted watcher grim
Kept silent in his place.

But maist things end, and Sandy's een
Began to solve the gloom—
He sat up in his coffin clean,
And glowered aroun' the room.

He didna faint, nor did he yell,
Although his nose looked blue,
But sitting in this mimic hell
He roared, "Whaur am I noo?"

'Twas then the watcher waved his wand
And blew his sulph'rous breath,
And wi' a torchlicht in his hand
He stalked oot grim as death.

"Yer deid! yer deid!" the specter said,
"Oh! sorry tale to tell;
Your body in the dust is laid,
Your soul is here in hell."

"Deid!" cried auld Sandy in a breath;
"How lang I'd like to know?"
"Deid," said the frowning form of death,
"Deid just one month ago!"

“Aye, mon,” says Sandy with a grin ;
“And wha are you, yersel’ ?”
The specter spake, “Here for my sin ;
I’ve been twa years in hell.”

“If that’s the case you know the place,
Sae waste nae mair yer jaw,
But haste a spell and ring the bell,
And get a gill for twa.”

The spell was broke ; it ends in smoke—
I blush the tale to mention ;
They end the sights, put out the lights—
Auld Scott is past redemption !

RING OUT THE BELLS !

Ring out the bells, ring in that age
The ancient prophet saw,
When human passions cease to rage
And the golden rule is law !
Ring in the Christ-like age of peace,
When sham shall be unknown,
And superstition’s reign shall cease,
While each shall have his own !
Ring in the least, ring in the whole,
From empires great and small,
Till echo peals from pole to pole
The Brotherhood of all !

TODDY.

A drink for honest men and gods,
To cheer baith soul and body,
Has been declared, by every odds,
To be Scotch whiskey toddy !
Let froggy Frenchmen hae their cheer
O' coney-ack and sody,
And gutsy Dutchmen drink their beer—
Leal men maun hae their toddy !
Let bloody Spaniards raise their weans
On colored claret shoddy—
They dinna ken what drinkin' means
Wha never tasted toddy !
Let nations rise, and empires fa',
And preachers preach their hobby,
The deil, for me, may get them a',
If I am left my toddy !
And when my days are ended here,
And death has claimed my body,
Let cronies gather around my bier
And drink my dirge in toddy !

SWEETIES.

A lintie's nest amang the whins,
A skylark soaring free,
And ripples whaur the burnie rins
Are lovely things to see ;
But sweeter than the lintie's nest
Or skylark singing free,
Or crystal pools, where shadows rest,
Are Maggie's lips to me !

I DREAMT OF THEE.

I dreamt of thee ;
While all thy love had been,
By woodland, bower and lea,
Came back again to me
In that fond dream.

I saw the sands
Where we had roamed of yore,
While, linked with loving hands,
We dreamed of other lands,
Upon that shore.

I felt the thrill
Of youthful passion in the enraptured kiss,
While soul and will
Did linger still
To crown our bliss.

Oh ! blessed dream,
That came to me in sorrow's shrouded hour,
When every scene
Seemed, in that dream,
Sweet as a faded flower !

NELLIE GRAHAM.

I oft again, in fancy's dream,
Revisit youth's auld hame,
And linger there by wood and stream,
Where I wooed Nellie Graham ;

And roam the paths we loved of old,
Amang the yellow whins,
O'er mossy braes of russet gold,
Up whaur the glen begins ;

And list the sound of summer bells,
Across the heath's perfume,
With skylark ringing in the dells,
And linties in the broom ;

And live again those hours of bliss,
In groves without a name,
And touch again with burning kiss
The lips of Nellie Graham.

But now the skylark's song is o'er,
The lintie's voice is tame,
And my fond lips will touch no more
The cheeks of Nellie Graham.

And love's young harp is silent now
In that deserted hame,
While death's cold frost is on the brow
Of my lost Nellie Graham.

LET ME DIE AS THE BRAVE SHOULD DIE.

Let me die as the brave should die,
 Upon the battlefield,
With my gory weapon on my thigh,
 And my head upon my shield.
Let me hear the shout of victory won
 In the squadron's charging yell,
With the thunder of the deep-mouthed gun
 And the shriek of shot and shell !

No mother's tear, nor weeping bride,
 My soldier's fate deplore ;
But may the brave be at my side
 When my last fight is o'er.
No mumbling monk to watch me die,
 With canting words of woe ;
But let them catch my latest sigh,
 Who never feared a foe.

Nor waiting crowds, nor sable bier,
 Nor hearse with nodding plume,
Nor mocking mourner shed a tear,
 To stain my soldier's tomb.
But comrades, lay me where I bled,
 Beneath the bloody sod,
And leave me with my gory bed,
 My record, and my God.

ANNIE LEE.

Sweet Annie Lee and I were slowly walking
Along the path that winds around the river ;
Sweet Annie Lee and I ne'er thought of talking,
We knew that parting was to be forever.
Sweet Annie Lee and I were only thinking
On what had been, and uttered sigh for sigh ;
We knew the past in hopeless love was sinking,
And only longed together there to die.

The Autumn stars their silent watch were keeping,
And not a zephyr stirred the willow tree,
I whispered in her ear while she was weeping,
“ I'll never see thee more, sweet Annie Lee.”
'Tis forty years, and I alone have wandered
O'er many a land and over many a sea,
And many a weary hour my life hath squandered,
But yet I still remember Annie Lee.

The loving hearts that are around me daily
May sometimes wonder what my woe may be,
And in their laughter they may jest me gaily—
They have no knowledge of my Annie Lee.
They laid her there beneath the waving grasses,
Near the old haunts where she had roamed with
me,
And now the singing winds of Autumn passes
Over the silent grave of Annie Lee.

I sometimes wonder if she is up yonder,
But not a tear is ever shed by me ;
My joy hath been in solitude to ponder,
And hoard thee my life's treasure, Annie Lee.

LONG AGO.

Oh ! bring me back the summer bells
My young heart used to know,
That echo from the distant dells
Of Memory's long ago !

Bring back the faces that have gone,
With hearts that loved me so,
And lips that sung my cradle song
In childhood's long ago.

Oh ! bring again the summer hills
Where mountain breezes blow,
With music from the leaping rills
That thrilled me long ago !

Bring back the smiling vales amang
My young feet used to go,
And where the linnet sung his sang
In youth's fair long ago.

Oh ! bring me back the heather bloom,
The knowes whaur thistles grow,
The spreading whins and yellow broom
Of sacred long ago !

Oh ! bring me back the Sabbath bells
My childhood used to know—
Sweet echoes from the distant dells
Of Memory's long ago !

ON HEARING A LADY SING "LOVE NOT."

Oh ! was it mortal or an angel's voice,
Whose music, thrilling my enraptured soul,
Awoke fair visions, bade each pulse rejoice,
And o'er the past with living memories stole ?
Oh ! was it music from the ocean deep,
Whose echoes wandered to the distant shore ;
Or vespers, stealing where my fathers sleep,
Songs of a land that knows my step no more ?

Or was it echoes of the Sabbath bell,
Pealing afar midst glens and forests green,
Or pibroch echoing in my native dell,
Where long before the marshaled clan was seen ;
Or was it voices from the solitudes,
Or bleating flocks upon the distant hills,
Or singing cuckoo in the green-robed woods,
Or the glad laughter of the leaping rills ?

No ; 'twas an anthem sung in better days
By one whose voice can thrill my ears no more,
Whose spirit mingles now midst seraph lays,
And strikes its harp where angel hosts encore.
But ah ! those notes awaken once again
Dreams of my youth, like shadows from the tomb,
Till latest years fond memory shall retain
Her sacred form, midst life's profoundest gloom.

That voice has ceased, and on the throbbing air
The faintest, fondest silver notes decay ;
Methinks the spirits of the dead are there,
And linger yet to beckon me away.
But all is hushed, and the last whisper dies—
Gone like a breath each blessed semitone ;
I gaze enraptured on the star-robed skies,
While weeps my soul in solitude alone.

WHERE ARE NOW THE OLD GRAVEYARDS ?

Ah, where are now the old graveyards,
That time has laid so low,
That held the dust of the ancient bards,
Who sung in the long ago ?

And where is now the green-robed mound
The rude old sexton made,
Where our hoary fathers gathered round
To bury the ancient dead ?

And where, alas ! the nameless heap,
That held the infant's clay,
Where the ancient mother knelt to weep,
As mothers weep to-day ?

And where the dust of the lover maid,
Who tripped the lawn at morn,
And the lips that kissed her in the shade,
Beneath the trysting thorn ?

And the busy dames, and the sages gray,
 Who laughed by the cottage door,
And the nameless mounds where the warriors lay,
 Who died on the fields of yore?

And the knight so bold, and the tyrant strong,
 Where does their ashes lie,
And the minstrel old, who twanged his song,
 When the Yule-tide feast was high?

And where the feet that tripped the dance,
 Beneath the Christmas bough,
And the knights of steel, who couched the lance
 In the lists of long ago?

And the hunter bold, whose bugle rang
 Its early morning peal,
And the reaper bands, who danced and sang
 In the merry harvest reel?

And the yeoman's feet that brushed the lawn,
 Where have they gone to-day,
And the warder grim who watched the dawn
 From his turret grim and gray?

And the dusty boor who ground the meal,
 And he who sowed in Spring,
And the lusty smith, with hands of steel,
 Who made the anvil ring?

And the tailor old, who plied his shears,
And the drouthy souter's tale,
That thrilled the group of village peers,
Who quaffed the home-brewed ale?

Where have they gone, the sire, the son,
The matron and the maid?—
No record left beneath the sun
To tell where they were laid.

But like the forest leaves that fall
'Neath Winter's biting gloom,
The green-robed earth shall be for all
One universal tomb!

Is this the end, O dreary tale?—
Let loving faith respond,
While Hope celestial lifts the vale,
And points the dawn beyond.

À SCRAP.

A wee bit cot blinks on the lea,
Wi' an auld thack roof of straw,
But dearer is that cot to me
Than palace grand, or ha'.
The voices frae its hearth have gane,
It's wa's are bleached and torn,
But aye to me it will remain
The cot where I was born.

DESPAIR.

I am weary, weary, weary
Of life's hopeless dream ;
All my path is dark and dreary,
And my feet are weary, weary—
Would I ne'er had been !
Others may the sunlight see,
But all hope is dead to me ;
I am weary of the longing
Of the visions unfulfilled,
And my weary brain is groaning,
While my silent heart is moaning,
With its longings chilled—
Passion raging like the sea,
While all hope is dead in me.
I am weary counting over
Perished names that are no more,
While the voices as they hover
In the darkness call me over,
Over to the silent shore.
Would that now that hour might be,
For all hope is dead in me !
I am weary, weary, weary
Of life's passing sham ;
All my path is dark and dreary ;
I am weary, weary, weary
Since my days began ;
Others may the daybreak see,
But all hope is dead in me.

A DREAM.

I dreamt a dream : That my limbs were old,
My locks were grey, and my heart was cold ;
With weary feet, forsaken and poor,
I roamed alone o'er a desolate moor ;
And over its waste, in sorrow and tears,
I wandered alone for a thousand years,
Where its stunted grass was withered and bare,
And not a sound to cheer me there,
Save the lifeless wind around my head,
That moaned as if the world was dead,
With the sunless sky like a shroud of lead,
And not a trace could my vision scan
That ever denoted the foot of man.
As I roamed alone, forlorn and poor,
O'er this desolate waste, o'er this trackless moor,
I turned my head to gaze behind,
And I saw the waste and I heard the wind,
And changed again my weary eye ;
But behind and before was moor and sky.
Then I wept and prayed that my heart might die,
But my weary feet still wandered on,
With many a tear and many a groan,
While memories came to mock my woe,
With faces of the long ago ;
And my maddened brain in the dreary hours
Pictured old haunts in my native bowers,

And I heard them sing in my childhood tongue
The songs I loved when my heart was young.
And I laughed again, as I stood before
The porch that crowned the cottage door,
And saw the well where the bucket swung,
And the garden path where the old gate hung.
Then I hastened on, but my haste was vain,
For this phantom of my fevered brain
Faded away from the trackless moor,
As I stood and wept, forlorn and poor.
Then I cried, "Oh God ! can such misery be ?
Is there no rest on this waste for me,
To slumber here with my woes effaced—
A speck of dust on this trackless waste ?"
Then I heard a voice that softly said :
"Come, wanderer, here, and rest thy head."
Then I turned to see, but no form was there,
Save the dreary moor and the lifeless air ;
But I felt the earth beneath me shake,
And I shrieked the shriek of the maniac,
And tore my hair with a frenzied yell,
With a curse at heaven and a curse at hell.
Then a hand was laid on my burning head ;
Then I closed my eyes, and my heart was dead ;
And it laid me down to rot and rust,
And covered me o'er with the silent dust,
And left me there in my sleep serene—
The sleep of the dead, that has never a dream !

LAST NIGHT A LASS CAM' OWRE THE LEA.

Last nicht a lass cam' owre the lea,
Before the setting sun gaed doon ;
The licht o' youth was in her e'e,
And gowd was in her hair sae broon.

And as she crossed the knowes sae green,
And tripped the blooming heath amang,
The wondering lammies winked their een,
And hushed was every lintie's sang.

And stilled was every brook and rill,
While lark and mavis held their glee,
And e'en the setting sun stood still,
To see a lass sae fair as she.

Let dreamy German bodies sing
Of water nymph or fairy queen,
For *thee* my muse will spread its wing,
Sweet lass that met wi' me yestreen.

A SIGH.

Only the stars above,
Only the night and me,
Only a heart, my love,
Waiting alone for thee.
Only a foot on the grass,
Only a hand in mine,
Only a sigh, as the moments pass,
But a memory ever divine.

BURY ME NOT 'NEATH SCULPTURED DOMES.

Oh, bury me not 'neath sculptured domes,
Where the kings of the earth are laid,
Nor under the sod in the sunless homes
Where the feet of the thoughtless tread.
Oh, lay me not where the millions sleep,
Nor alone in the sunless dells,
Nor on the brow of the mountain steep,
Where the soul of the tempest dwells ;
And lay me not where eye can scan
The form of scroll or bust,
Where never the foot of beast or man
Can tread o'er my silent dust ;
But bury me yonder by the sea,
In some cavern nook, alone,
Where the waves shall sing a dirge for me,
With their ceaseless monotone.
Oh, lay me there when the sun is low,
Where the waves break on the shore,
By the sound of ocean's ebb and flow,
And the breakers' wild encore.
There let me rest 'neath the rocky strand,
By the echoes of the sea,
Beneath the cliff, where no human hand
Shall carve a line for me.

IN A DREAM OF THE NIGHT.

In a dream of the night I was wafted away
O'er the wild and trackless main,
To the scenes of my youth, once so bright and so
 gay,
Where the treasures of memory never decay,
 To the home of my childhood again.

I roamed the wild heath of my own native hills,
 In the paths where my young feet had run,
With the music of birds and the murmur of rills,
In the gladness of youth, ere the sorrows and ills
 Or the lessons of life had begun.

'Twas Spring, and the lark was caroling above,
 From his home in the cloudless blue,
And the future to me seemed an Eden of love,
While the past was a web misfortune had wove,
 And life was beginning anew.

And I danced and I ran by the old cottage door,
 And I swung on the old apple tree,
And I sat in the bowers where often before
I had dreamed my young dream in those moments
 of yore—
 A dream that was never to be !

And I listened again, in the gladness of youth,
 To the echo of forest and dells,
And the caw of the rook from turret and roof
Was sweeter to me, though his notes were uncouth,
 Than the chime of cathedral bells.

And the breath of the Spring from dewdrop and
 flower
 Blest earth with its sweetest perfume,
As it thrilled in the shade of covert and bower,
And danced in the rays of the brooklet shower,
 Where the linnet was singing in tune.

And I mused, as I lay in my vision so sweet,
 That my race of ambition was run—
That my lamp would go out in that blessed retreat,
Far away from the hum and bustle of feet,
 In the spot where my life had begun.

But a shadow came over my beautiful dream,
 As it vanished in sorrow and tears,
And the valleys grew dark where the sunlight had
 been,
And blasted the flowers, while the forest so green
 Grew withered and hoary with years.

And the song of the woods grew silent and still,
 While the mountains loomed misty and gray,
And the breath of the Spring grew withered and
 chill,
While the music of birds and the murmuring rill
 All vanished forever away !

LINES ADDRESSED TO MISS JULIA C——

Oh ! beautiful brunette,
Child of the Southern skies,
With eyes divinely set
In beauty's blending dies !
Child of Columbia's land,
Daughter of freedom thou—
Did ever painter's hand
Picture so fair a brow ?
Did ever Grecian art
Sculpture a form like thine ?—
Blending in every part
The human and divine :
With teeth like coral bars,
With eyes, whose living light
Sparkle like the stars
In the beautiful tropic night.
Oh ! beautiful brunette,
I have roamed in many a clime,
But never yet have met
A face so fair as thine.
Child of Columbia's land,
Fair daughter of the free,
May virtue long with bounteous hand
Deck flowery paths for thee !
And when your rosy lips are cold,
And life's last sun has set,
Then may you wear a crown of gold,
Oh ! beautiful brunette !

THE INFINITE.

The lesser and greater,
On earth, in air,
Alike declare
A great Creator.

And the tuneless frog,
Croaking his song,
While he hops along
In the flowerless bog,

In the vast plan,
Praiseth the All-seeing ;
True, to his being,
As the voice of man.

And the sparrow's song,
Faithful as bells,
Whose echo swells
In cathedral dome ;

And the silent quiver
Of the rippling brook,
In its hidden nook,
As the mighty river.

And the insect's wings,
With curious woof,
Is a grander proof
Than the robe of kings ;

And the countless sand
 Upon the shore—
 Attesting, evermore,
An Infinite hand ;

And the green sod,
 And the ceaseless beat
 Of ocean—all repeat,
“An eternal God.”

In awe we bend,
 And trembling, scan
 A time that ne'er began,
And cannot end.

We trace the new-born star ;
 But who shall know
From whence we are,
 Nor where we go ?

THE POET.

The poet sees, with prophetic eye,
 Where truth and fiction jars,
And writes upon his ærial sky,
 The pathway of the stars ;
And scans with vision half divine
 What millions may not see—
The dawn, beyond the night of time,
 Of ages yet to be.

WHO SHALL WRITE THE PAGE IMMORTAL ?

Who shall write the page immortal
Of earth's coming jubilee,
Lift the shadows from the portal
Of the races yet to be ?

Who has heard the angels singing
Since the golden age began,
And the constellations ringing
With the brotherhood of man ?

Thrones of ancient creeds are wrecking
Where the bells of freedom chime,
And the golden dawn is breaking
From the starless night of time.

From the voiceless soul of nations,
Like the Spring flowers of the year,
Comes the countless generations
Filling still our places here.

Who shall sing of love's emotion,
Lovers' sighs, and lovers' tears,
Dreaming by the moonlit ocean,
In those coming phantom years ?

Twilight shadows softly stealing
Over mountains, vale and lea,
With the bells of freedom pealing
In those ages yet to be.

Earth shall worship other heroes,
When our strength has gone to rust ;
Other Cæsars, other Neros
Treading o'er our silent dust.

Other songs will cheer earth's lovers,
Other hands will write the page,
When the green-robed valley covers
Every vestige of this age.

Other Springs will bring the swallows
When our names have passed away,
And the sunlight flood the valleys
Just as golden as to-day.

And the wretch will still be scheming
For the dross of human strife,
And the poet still be dreaming
O'er the miracle of life.

And the ships will sail the ocean,
Fading in the distant gray,
And the school lad watch their motion,
With the wonder of to-day.

And the dawn will send its amber
O'er the vales of waving corn,
Stealing in the bridal chamber,
To the lovers yet unborn.

Other forms will fill our places
In the cottage, in the hall,
And these homes forget our faces,
While new races own them all.

Swift and strong the flood is stealing
On the ceaseless tide of time,
And the morning stars are pealing
Peace and love for every clime.

Let us join the hymn of gladness,
While the priceless moments run,
And the weary cease their sadness,
Till the golden goal is won.

And in dealing with another,
Keep the golden rule in view,
Treat each fellow as a brother,
So that he so deal with you !

BLANK LEAF PRESENTATION.

May this little token be,
Mary Croal,
A souvenir of me, when far beyond the sea,
Mary Croal ;
And the peace of God be thine
While you tread the sands of time,
Till your pathway is divine,
Mary Croal,

LINES ON THE BIRTHDAY OF ROBERT BURNS.

Awake the lyre with music and with song,
Strike the wild harp, and roll the anthem forth
From distant isles, where tropic suns are known,
Back to the regions of the "stormy north."
Ten thousand tongues swell out the jubilee,
Ten thousand lips the chorus grand encore,
And send it flashing underneath the sea,
And roll it onward still from shore to shore.

Awake the echoes of old Scotland's hills,
Where blooming heath her rugged cliffs adorn,
And bring us music from her silver rills,
To hail the day her "poet king was born ;"
And let us honor her immortal dead,
And hang the laureate's wreath upon his tomb,
While fancy lingers in the classic shade
Beside the waters of old rippling Doon.

No banners waved from city's glittering domes,
No marshaled pomp, nor thunder peal is heard,
Nor tinsel'd crowds, around earth's gilded thrones,
Awaits the coming of the peasant bard.
Not from the mighty on the scrolls of fame,
Not from the sires that blaze their names on high,
That humble shieling gives the world a name
That will not perish till the nations die !

He touched the chords that thrill the human heart,
That makes man kith and kin in every clime,
And sung that rank was but the gild of art,
That honest manhood only was divine.
Strike the wild harp ! with music and with song
Awake the echoes as the day returns !
And send the swelling anthem rolling on
To hail the day that gave us ROBERT BURNS !

AN INVOCATION.

Oh, take me away from the common herd,
To some desert solitude,
Where the worthless jest is never heard,
And the vulgar ne'er intrude.

Oh, take me away from the jar of feet
To the depths of some wild glen,
From the ceaseless thunder of the street
And the selfish haunts of men.

Oh, take hence from vice and guile,
Where the heaven-toned winds are free,
As they murmur peace on some lonely isle
In the far-off tropic sea.

There let me roam its silent vales,
Where human slave ne'er trod,
And list the voice of gentle gales—
Sweet songs of Nature's God.

BLOW ON, YE WINDS !

Blow on, ye winds, o'er cliffs and bay,
And stir the silent sea,
And waft the mighty ship away
That bears my love from me !

Blow on, soft winds, where warblers sing
In blooming brake and tree ;
Alas ! your notes can only bring
A song of woe to me.

Blow on, ye winds, where freedom thrills
The pulses of the free ;
I hear no music on your hills—
My heart is on the sea.

Blow on, ye winds, from coral caves,
Where sea nymphs laugh with glee,
And send an anthem o'er the waves
For her that's on the sea.

And waft ye winds, across the deep,
The silent prayer from me—
Sweet dreams may bless the loved one's sleep
Who slumbers on the sea.

MY LITTLE MAID.

“Come buy this bouquet, sir,” she said,
“’Twill deck your room at home.”
The words came from a pretty maid,
Whose little stand, with flowers arrayed,
Was resting on a stone.

Her head was crowned with wreaths of gold,
That clustered round each cheek,
And down her little back they rolled ;
And fairer than the flowers she sold,
They nearly touched her feet.

The light of youth was in her eyes,
For many a charm had she ;
And as she laughed, between her cries,
She seemed a creature from the skies,
Or fairy from the sea.

Sweet clusters on her stand were laid,
Some tied with little bands,
And as she spoke, the little maid
Picked from the clusters bud and blade,
And tied them with her hands.

With jessamine and mignonette,
Fuchias and violets blue,
While fragrant heilotrope was set
In crimson buds, and leaves yet wet
With morning’s early dew.

Geraniums, too, and pansies sweet,
And roses fair to see ;
But though her art was faultless neat,
That Nature's bounty made replete,
The sweetest bud was she.

And often in the summer hours
I passed her day by day,
And as she sat among her flowers
She seemed an angel in the bowers
That never could decay.

And when my heart would weary moan
With sorrow's aching pain,
My longing ears would bless her song,
As if those hours my youth had known
Were coming back again.

And so, for years, my little maid
Sat by her rustic stand,
The crown of youth upon her head,
And flowers that never seemed to fade
She tied with busy hand.

But fate brought round a change for me—
“As all things human change”—
And in a land beyond the sea
That maiden's face, so glad with glee,
Was lost in faces strange ;

And there, beneath the torrid zone,
The golden link was broke
That bound me to the past and home,
And she, the music of my song,
Was in my toil forgot.

And thus, through dangers far apart,
In fortune's changing scene,
This little maiden, with her art,
Seemed ever banished from my heart,
As if she ne'er had been.

But as the seasons rolled away,
The lengthening years grew bleak,
And in my hair grew threads of grey,
And wrinkles, written every day,
Were gathering on my cheek.

And in my heart a fever grew
That knawed with ceaseless pain—
A longing for the land that knew
My early home beyond the blue,
I sighed to see again.

That home was in my midnight dream,
And in my waking hours ;
Its distant woods were ever green,
And all the haunts where youth had been
Seemed robed again with flowers.

And thus my weary spirit sighed
 Across the deep to go,
And every throbbing pulse replied
To see those faces, ere I died,
 That loved me long ago.

And soon my bark was on the deep,
 Bound for my native shore,
And soon I saw those cliffs so steep,
And felt the grass beneath my feet—
 My native land once more !

But faces strange were in my home,
 And changed, too, was the street ;
I stood a creature there unknown,
And felt the hearts I loved had gone
 To their eternal sleep.

But as I leaned my weary head,
 To ease my throbbing brain,
While musing on the silent dead—
The memory of that little maid
 Came stealing back again.

“ 'Tis here,” I cried ; “ there stood her stand,
 Close by that garden wall ; ”
I turned. Oh God ! a shrivelled hand
Tied up a bouquet with a band
 Upon the same old stall !

I knew the face I loved of old—
I knew those eyes so meek—
But, ah ! the crown she wore of gold
Was white as snow, and where it rolled
I saw a wasted cheek.

Her tale was written on her head,
In wrinkled lines of woe ;
She seemed the ghost of years decayed,
The ruin of my little maid
Of forty years ago !

The clustering buds from garden bowers
Were fresh and fair to see—
They seemed the soul of perished hours ;
But ah ! among those clustering flowers,
A faded rose was she !

“Come, buy this bouquet, sir,” she said,
“ ’Twill deck your room at home.”
The words came from a shrivelled maid—
A shadow of the years decayed—
With fifty winters on her head,
And beauty she had none !

NEVER TO SEE THEE AGAIN!

Never to see thee again, never,
Nor hear the witching music of your voice ;
Never to taste again forever
That silent kiss that made my soul rejoice !

Never to hear again your laugh of gladness
Awake the lingering echoes of the Spring ;
Never to feel again the enraptured madness
Which thrilled my heart thy love alone could
bring.

Never to meet again in Summer's twilight,
In the old haunts, when every sound departs ;
Never to linger with thee in the starlight,
And feel the silent throbbing of our hearts.

Never to taste again thy lips so tender,
Blest with the fleeting sweetness of a sigh ;
Never to see thee again, and yet remember
The thousand memories that can never die.

Never to wish again the days were longer,
Like the dead years, but feel them now too long ;
Never to wish again my heart was stronger
For thy lost love, but feel it now too strong.

Never to dream again when life is ended,
That thy fond steps may seek the silent spot
Where strangers laid me, friendless, unattended,
Forever there forgetting—and forgot !

LINES TO MRS. Y——

Your eyes are beautiful with love's sweet passion,
Your lips like roses of the early Spring ;
Your wealth of hair no mimic art could fashion,
Is like the gloss that decks the raven's wing.

Your teeth like pearls that the ocean weaves
Down in his coral solitudes below ;
Your bosom like the foam the tempest heaves
Upon the golden sands ; your brow like snow.

Your feet like fairy's feet among the bowers,
Your voice like music from an angel's harp ;
Your kiss like nectar from a thousand flowers,
Your touch sends madness through my longing
heart.

There is no creature on this earth or air,
Or nymph that slumbers in the tropic sea,
Like that sweet self, who haunts me everywhere,
And holds the wealth of earth and heaven for me.

I may be sinning with my heart's emotion,
And with these words I may be wronging you ;
'Twere better then to perish my devotion
In that sad hour that held our last adieu.

Then fare thee well ! and as the moments measure
Up the long years with furrows on thy cheek,
Fond memory still will hoard thee as its treasure,
Yet sorrowing know we nevermore shall meet.

A VISION.

I remember, years ago,
Meeting, when the sun was low,
 Coming up a country road
 Where it leaves the meadows broad,
Rounding to the shady wood,
Onward into solitude,
 Over brook and over rill,
 Passing near the ruined mill.

There, at sunset, I have said,
First I met a pretty maid;
 Coming from the valleys fair
 In the dreamy summer air,
Made the vision seem to me
Like a dream what heaven may be,
 For she seemed the fairest thing
 Ever moved on foot or wing.

Never had I met before
On this earth, by lake or shore,
 Such an eye and such a brow,
 (Cannot even name her now);
Yet she fills my living brain,
And forever must remain,
 Through the coming years to be,
 Memory's sweetest dream to me.

Such a thing, divinely fair,
Not of earth, and not of air,
 Tripping down that lonely road
 Where it leaves the meadows broad;
Can that maiden now be old,
Crown of snow, that then was gold?
 Can those eyes have lost their light,
 Shrouded in eternal night?

Tell me, sires, whose visions trace
Depth of time and depths of space,
 Why that vision on the road
 Where that nameless maiden trod,
Has been stronger, in my needs,
Than my faith in perished creeds?—
 Sweeter, when my sun was low,
 Than all else I've lived to know.

Æ MAIR SANG BEFORE WE PART.

Ae mair sang before we part,
 Ae mair toast before the morn,
I give it here: "To Scotland dear,
 The land where I was born!"
To-morrow's sun will wake the hills,
 To-morrow's wind will shake the corn,
But I shall be afar from thee,
 Dear land where I was born!

THINK OF ME.

One simple boon I crave,
 'Tis all I ask of thee :
In some long future day,
When years have passed away,
 Remember me !

And when the roll of mirth
 Shall thrill thy heart with glee,
Oh, pause one moment there,
With garlands in thy hair,
 And think of me !

And when before thy God,
 Alone on bended knee,
In thy short prayer,
In silence there,
 Remember me !

And when afflictions come,
 And sorrows crowd on thee,
Think of the green-robed bowers,
And all the blessed hours
 You spent with me !

And when your eyes grow dim,
 And age shall bend thy knee,
When the long shadows come,
And thy last race is run,
 Still think of me !

A DAY IN THE WOODS.

This little sonnet is a true narration

Of some tall shooting I and Kendrick made,
And was the outcome of an invitation

I had from him, when first our plans were laid,
To have a little shooting in October—
About the middle—when the woods look sober.

I need not enter on a long description

Of what was said about the dogs and guns,
Because I have a settled-down conviction

To hate expansion, as I hate bad puns,
And do detest those scribbling knaves who bore us—
(Of course I have no reference here to Horace.)*

Enough to state we got our ammunition

Duly prepared about the eleventh day,
And had our boot-legs greased to full repletion,
With pouches in our coats to stow away
At least a score of quail or partridges—
Besides we had one hundredweight of cartridges;

Also a couple of good setter dogs

Was kindly lent us from a neighboring store,
Both warranted to run through woods or bogs—

As run they did the woodcock by the score.
(I mention this, because I am particular
To get my facts, both square and perpendicular.)

* A so-named local poet.

And so the eve preceding saw us seated

In the last train (we took the smoking car).
Our little personal arrangements completed,

And the two dogs well fastened to a bar,
We dozed, and dreamt of woodcock, snipe and quail,
While the steam-horse went thundering o'er the rail.

Next came our destination in due order,

While midnight loomed above the slumbering
hills.

I cannot name the place; 'tis near the border
Of Sullivan, or Ulster, where the rills
Come thundering from the cliffs ere blustering Boreas
Binds up the lakes—(I leave the rest for "Horace"),

And hasten over: how in peace we slumbered,

Blissful as Cupids, in our sleep serene—
Excepting once when weary Kendrick thundered,
Snoring in his sleep, in some wild dream
Of having caught a grizzly in his lair,
And was devoured, with gun, and bones, and hair!

But mark the distant hills with morning gray,

While Milo* hastens out the dogs and guns,
And note the footsteps of the new-born day;

Walk o'er the mountains, as the goddess comes—
I mean Aurora—in the eastern skies—
This morning she was red about the eyes!

* The huntsman.

Our next arrangement was a seated wagon,
All fitly hitched on to a sturdy nag ;
While Milo put some *cider* in a flagon,
With ample luncheon rolled up in a bag ;
And the two dogs were snugly stowed away
Down in the bottom with some meadow hay.

I need not mention how the wheels went round,
Nor how we revelled in the morning breeze :
Enough to say, we reached the hunting ground,
And straightway entered in among the trees,
And as an introduction to the fun,
Each on the instant doubly cocked his gun.

There is a glory in the dream of fame,
There is a grandeur in the boundless lea,
And wild pulsations language cannot name,
Thrilling the heart, when every pulse is free ;
But there's a something, grander than them all—
It is the pheasant's whirr, the gun flash, and his fall !

But hark ! the wings rise from the distant brake !
And see the sweeping wood-duck circling comes !
While I and Milo quiet positions take,
Waiting with bated breath and ready guns ;
Till Kendrick takes them in a straightened line,
And with both barrels brings down twenty-nine !

The next was Milo's, at an English rail,
Killed with his right ; but what may seem more
strange,
He with his left just winged a dozen quail !
Sitting on a fence, they came within his range,
While I (your servant), willing to encore,
With my left barrel fixed off fourteen more !

But what was better still, as I may thrive—
(For there is nothing I so hate as lying !)—
He with both barrels bagged his twenty-five
Beautiful pigeons, as they passed him flying ;
While Kendrick, using only seven cartridges,
Killed on the wing just half-a-dozen partridges !

But language fails me to describe in full
The wonders done on that October day ;—
How Milo swept them like a whirlpool,
And Kendrick bore the victor's crown away ;
While I alone—'tis certain as I write—
In seventy minutes bagged ten brace of snipe !

At four we counted twenty brace of quail
And thirteen brace of plump young partridges,
With several bushels full of snipe and rail,
And only stopped the sport for lack of cartridges,
With rabbits enough to fill a parish school—
'Tis certain that we filled four hampers full !

I drop the curtain here: my task is done—
The meek historian of a glorious day:
My boots are greased, and oiled up is my gun,
And for the season all are stowed away.
But if a living sportsman doubts this lay,
I'll prove it o'er again some future day.

THE OWL.

When the hills are black and the moon is low,
And the clock ticks in the old church tower,
And dreaming cocks at midnight crow,
And the owl blinks in his ivy bower,
And lovers part where the roses blow,
While soft the silver dewdrops fall
From the lichen leaves on the churchyard wall;
When the wind is hushed in the distant dells,
Where weary flocks rest in the shade,
And the elfs of night in their fairy cells
Weave love-dreams for the slumbering maid,
And the rising moon glints o'er the fells,
And old dames shake for the dog's death howl,
Then is heard the wail of the night-winged owl.

MY LOVE'S GANE OWRE THE SEA.

I'll roam nae mair the heather hills,
My love's gane owre the sea,
Nor wander whaur the laverock thrills
The hills he roamed wi' me.

Let Summer gloamings come and gae,
As gloamings used to be—
They only bring me thochts o' wae,
Since he's gane owre the sea.

And let the Spring, wi' Nature's art,
Re-deck the flowery lea,
There's nae mair Summer in my heart
Since he's gane owre the sea!

The wind blows owre the mossy howes,
Wi' fragrance frae the dells,
And happy bees wing owre the knowes,
To drink the heather bells;

But singing bees or heather bloom,
Or breezes frae the sea,
Or mossy knowes or yellow broom,
Are naething now to me!

For since he's gane, and I'm alane,
I've nae wish but to dee;
And soon, alas! will wave the grass
Owre a' that's left of me!

IN MEMORIAM.

That face is changed that was so fair,
That heart is still that beat so free ;
And gazing on that form I see
The frost of death upon her hair.

I sleep, and dreaming, wake in tears,
My morning skies are leaden gray ;
I think upon that form of clay,
That was the soul of perished years.

I watch the shadows on the lea,
And hear the evening bells afar,
And gaze upon the evening star,
But not an echo comes from thee.

I seek thy footprints on the sands,
And wander on with tireless feet
To where the wind-blown meadows meet,
And still return with empty hands.

I hear the winter tempest wave
The frozen boughs above the roof,
And think upon that frozen woof
That weaves above that roofless grave.

Oh, fleeting breath ! those hills remain
A thousand years, when we are gone,
And time has blotted from the stone
The moulding fragments of thy name.

The pall of sorrow shrouds my breast,
My hope is dead, my faith is gone ;
My thoughts are like the thistle blown
Before the winds, that has no rest.

The summer comes, the blossoms fade,
And fast the fleeting seasons run,
And all is gladness 'neath the sun,
But thou are silent with the dead.

Across the hills the shadows fall,
The Autumn leaves are in the grass,
And swift the changing seasons pass,
Like Summer glimpses on the wall.

Oh hope, so long ; oh life, so brief ;
Oh dreams our better years have known ;
Oh hearts, thrice dearer than our own,
Oh joys, that only end in grief !

I sit upon the Summer grass,
And hear across the weeping hills
The wind-blown murmur of the rills,
While swift the clouded shadows pass.

I see the mist-robed summits fade
Beneath the glowing evening sky,
And watch the lengthening shadows die
Beyond the vales, where thou are laid.

I wander on the rock-bound shore,
Where the wild waves of ocean beat,
And hear the moaning wind repeat
My wail of sorrow evermore !

Beyond the pathless ærial sea
The distant fading stars I trace,
And wonder where in boundless space
Is there a living shade of thee.

The tidal wave comes to the shore,
The setting sun returns again,
And Spring re-clothes the wintry plain,
But thy hushed voice is heard no more !

Not all the power of Nature's breath,
Not all the songs of earth or sea,
Not all the countless years to be,
Can bring thee from the halls of death.

My harp of life is silent now,
The years but mock my living death ;
I wander like a specter wraith,
The pall of sorrow on my brow.

But o'er the starless night of time
There glows a dawn I cannot see,
And flickers like a hope for me,
That thou can hear this wail of mine.

CAN IT BE SO ?

Can it be so, that I must go
Where no glad stream of life shall flow?—
Must the abyss of nothingness
All aspiration overthrow?

Shall every thrill of life grow chill,
And power and will,
Ending with breath, in hopeless death
Be nil?

And shall the sun, quenched like a pun,
When life's brief hour is done,
Give up its light in one eternal night,
Because *my* race is run?

For what to me, without identity,
Were sun, and air, and sea,
But as a shroud, or ether cloud
On time's immensity?

To-day is all in all—each hour is but the pall
Of centuries that fall
To us as brief as the Autumn leaf
Or shadows on the wall.

Thus all things hinge on sense :
The universe immense, with all its powers intense,
Lacking the soul, were useless as the pole,
And void of recompense.

And time were naught without the power of thought,
And this terrestrial mote
Upon the ether cast has neither first nor last
Without a soul inwrought.

And thus no time can be without the *you* and *me* ;
For who assumes a tree,
Lacking the life divine, has any sense of time,
Either bound or free ?

We see the blade of grass, true while the seasons pass,
As the great jungle mass ;
Without a flaw to the eternal law
Of life and death, alas !

And the great mountains stand,
And the hills map out the land
With the ocean's rim of sand ;
While brook and river seem here forever
A work sublime and grand !

And life, and strife and tears
Roll up ten thousand years ;
But who the echo hears
Of voices that respond from the sunless night beyond,
Where no breaking dawn appears ?

So the question comes again, beyond this scene of
pain,
When the life-pulse of the brain,
In that awful hour of doubt, like a flickering lamp
goes out,
Shall identity remain ?

All the sophistry of cant
Cannot still this human want ;
For although the preachers rant,
This age of acquisition will insist on some decision,
Until reason says, Avaunt !

And the sceptic may resolve
That a microbe can evolve
The many things that are, from a beetle to a star ;
That man, and air, and goats are the result of motes,
As philosophy can solve.

That even human speech,
As philosophy can teach,
Is only inflammation of the molecules of creation,
Which by their locomotion produces an emotion
Like sea waves on the beach.

And the youthful mother's woe,
When her loved one is laid low,
Is really nothing more—as hinted at before—
Than the shaking of a reed, or the fading of a weed
In the snow.

And self-deluded man,
Though strutting in the van,
Despite his elocution, is but an evolution
From the monkey that we see grinning on a tree,
Or the hairy-faced ourang !

And the thing we call emotion
Is nothing but a notion,
And conscience but self-deluding nonsense—
No more to do with soul than sunlight with the pole,
Or a dewdrop with the ocean.

So goes the common prattle
Of the shallow-pates who rattle
With their never-ending clatter on the wondrous
power of matter,
That has reared the ocean bars, the sun and moon
and stars,
With the donkeys and the cattle

Alas ! alas ! alas !
As the awful centuries pass,
Shall the passing race of men, with their threescore
years and ten,
With their ever-longing souls, perish like the moles
'Neath the grass ?

Let scoffers sneer who can,
With their philosophic plan,—
The soul will still respond to an endless beyond,
Where the deathless instincts trend,
That the tomb is not the end
Of man !

A WIFE'S LAMENT.

No, never more, with thee,
 Shall I stand,
Listening to the moaning of the sea,
While thy fond lips are whispering love to me
 Upon the sand.

No, never more shall come,
 Up from the deep,
That song the coming tempest sung
From coral caves while our hearts, so young
 With love, would weep ;

Or, watching ripples, as they rose and fell
 Upon the sand,
While I would deck thy ringlets with a shell,
And hear the echoes of the sea-going bell
 Steal to the land.

I sit alone upon the rocky shore,
 And hear the wave
Dashing upon the cliff forever more,
And think of thee, as the wild breakers roar
 Above thy grave.

And when the sun comes laughing at the dawn
 Up from the sea,
And floods the earth with light on hill and lawn,
I still am watching, with my curtains drawn,
 Weeping for thee.

I count the weary moments as they go,
 From day to day ;
Waiting the hour when this sad heart shall know
That all its earthly sorrow and its woe
 Has passed away.

Then we shall live again those early days
 On heaven's glad shore,
And join the anthem which the blessed raise,
Blending our love in one grand song of praise
 Forever more !

FANCY.

I.

Come, in fancy let us roam
Where the eagle builds his home,
Over mountain, hill and glen,
Far above the haunts of men,
Where the winds of freedom sigh
In the deep eternal sky,
Floating as the clouds may go
O'er the valleys far below,
Where the smoke from hamlet fire
Clouds the mimic village spire,
And the haze of fading day
Hides the distant towers away,
Where the gilded domes arise,
Gleaming 'neath the evening skies.

II.

Hear the sound of evening bells
Floating o'er the shady dells,
And the murmur of the rills
As they meander from the hills ;
Hear the skylark as he sings
Floating on his silver wings,
Trilling out his soft prelong
Like a cloud-robed angel's song,
And ringing in the sunset bars
Like an anthem from the stars !

III.

See the homes that dot the plain
Mapped with fields of waving grain,
Mark the chanticleer's alarm
Ringing from the red-tiled farm,
And the shadows that are seen
Where the milkmaid trips the green,
As she comes with flowing pail,
Like a wood nymph of the vale,
And the boorish-mounted row
Coming from the fields below,
Where the waves of sod, laid bare,
Rolls off from the keen ploughshare—
Each a self-embodied force—
As he sits his naked horse,
Crooning as he comes along
Snatches of some ancient song
That his fathers did encore
In the stormy days of yore.

IV.

Narrow bounds these lives entail,
Hardy tillers of the vale,
Bronzed with many a stormy sun,
As their rugged race is run.
Who shall write the hopes and fears
Crowded in one thousand years,
As we sweep above the plain,
And the millions rise again,
Coming from the nameless heaps
Where each mouldering atom sleeps?—
Sleep that evermore o'erwhelms
'Neath the bulging, rooted elms,
Where ten thousand winds have sighed
As the generations died.

V.

What a picture here is seen
Of the races that have been!—
Millions crowding mile on mile,
Ancient tillers of the soil;
Grinning specters bent and low,
Shadows of the long ago,
Crowding from each ancient glade
Where their shrouded forms were laid;
Tens of thousands moving there,
In the valleys everywhere—
Men who wept and men who sung,
Wrinkled crones and maidens young—
Men who there did reap and sow
Twice five hundred years ago;

Eyes that watched the coming dawn,
Feet that brushed the dew-robed lawn,
Hands that held the bow and spear
When the invading foe was near;
Shepherds rude who trod the hill,
And dusty masters of the mill;
Hands that spun the flaxen hair,
Hands that forged the rude ploughshare,
Hands that deigned the flail to wield,
Hands that led the teams a-field,
Hands that linked the rings of May,
Hands that swathed the virgin hay,
Hands that drew the magic bow
In the reels of long ago—
Every age and every grade,
Every craft and every trade;
Sturdy yeomen and their peers
Who had slept one thousand years.
What a thought is in the strife
Of each individual life?
Childhood, with its tinsel toys;
Boyhood, with its restless joys;
Youth, with its illusive dreams;
Manhood, with its hopes and schemes;
Village clown and village sage,
Tongueless babe, and babbling age,
Crowding there from coast to coast,
A resurrected countless host;
Every form and every shade,
This panorana of the dead,
Fleeting as the day is done,
With the swift descending sun,
Leaving nothing there again
But the shadows on the plain!

THE OUTLAW.

The pall of night is falling
Over the land and sea,
But blacker than the pall of night
Is the shadow that falls on me,
The watching stars are lost to sight
In the clouds that hide them there,
But the pall that hides my star of hope
Is the midnight of despair !

Like a haunted beast I watch the skies,
And the breaking clouds I scan,
And curse the face of the smiling moon,
That lightens the haunts of man ;
And loath the breath upon my cheek
Of the life-restoring air,
While I hide away in the caves of earth,
Like a wild beast in his lair.

And in the ghost hours of the night
I hear the alarm bell,
And tremble at the blood-red moon,
That seem the gates of hell ;
And alone I shake my chains of steel,
As I crawl where the cliffs are bare,
But whither I creep my bloodshot eyes
Sees ghastly phantoms there !

And in delirium of my brain,
I plunge into the mountain flood,
But never a flood can wash the hands
That are red with the stains of blood !
The slimy asp and the she-wolf's mate
Have haunts from danger free,
But never the serpent's hole can hide
The pangs of hell from me !

An outcast from the haunts of men,
I dread their vengeance nigh,
And tremble at the ghost of death,
While a thousand deaths I die ;
And in the terrors of the night,
What specter forms I see !—
A halter-rope in every bough,
And a gibbet on every tree !

By roofless walls where dead men sleep,
'Mong ancient graves I crawl,
And hide beneath the crumbling slabs,
With blood upon them all.
The owl shrieks in the haunted tower,
The rook in the black pine tree,
But never a sound from bird and beast
But rings a knell for me !

In fleeting phantoms of my sleep
I fly to distant lands,
But wake with terror in my blood,
And iron on my hands.
No rest is mine, in space or time,
All hope is overthrown ;
A soul engulfed in blood and crime,
Where vengeance has its own !

A QUESTION.

Who, for fun, or love, or gain,
Will dissect a bigot's brain,
Lay the wondrous organ bare,
See the little that is there?—
Smaller than a mustard seed,
Cell conception of its creed,
Incarnation of the soul
That invests this human mole ;
Curious freak by Nature made,
Fungus of a narrow head—
Nothing left of love to feel,
Mind of mud and heart of steel,
Mongrel growth of human kind,
Every noble instinct blind,
Let me ask it once again—
Who dissects the bigot's brain ?

THE COT WHERE I WAS BORN.

On a lonely moor a cottage stood,
Built up with mud and stone,
Unsheltered by no circling wood ;
Through Autumn chill and Winter rude
That cottage stood alone.

Simple it was ; no spreading roof
To shade the noonday sun,
And plain its walls, like honest truth ;
No traveler there with clashing hoof,
Or noise of city's hum.

But its porch was decked with roses sweet,
Like gems with a thousand dyes,
And its chimney rude was wide and deep,
Where the smoke went up with jolly sweep
And circled to the skies.

But years have passed, and now, alas !
Its walls are bleak and torn,
And that porch is green with waving grass ;
No music there but the winter's blast,
In that cot where I was born.

And voices now are ever hushed
That cheered it long before ;
And the change of years, like a tempest wished,
And the dreams of my youth, forever crushed,
Come back to its haunts once more !

CORABEL.

I.

Tell my story? Briefly, yes,
If you have an hour or so ;
But, my friend, remember this—
It's a tale of long ago ;
Yet its memory comes to me,
Looking backward through the strife,
Like an island in the sea,
The one green oasis in my life.
I need not tell the time or place,
Because from memory I retrace ;
Nor do I care to write it down,
The nearest church, or nearest town.
Enough, my friend, this fact for you—
The simple narrative is true.

Besides, I know the month was June,
And I recall—the sky
Was cloudless all that afternoon,
Because those memories seldom die.

II.

Imagine next, a country road,
Through rural regions seldom trod ;
No human home for many a mile,
Crossed by no path or rustic stile ;
The only fact, to fix it strong,
The recollection—it was long.

I see you stare,
And say, how strange,
What took me there?—
The love of change;
Or rather, say, the love of woods,
The leafy groves, the solitudes,
To paint the beauty of the vales
Where sunbeams glow and shadows pales,
Or sketch the hills that loom apart :—
I need not say my trade is Art.

III.

Yes, there it hangs upon the wall,
My pallet, with the easel near,
The canvass stool, the polished mahl;
And these are sketches scattered here ;
Yes, that's the canvass hanging there—
The same sweet face, the raven hair,
The fine arched brow, the Grecian nose,
And lips the color of the rose,
With eyes that glow like stars in June,
I sketched that summer afternoon.
But why repeat
Scenes dead and gone?—
I sowed the wheat,
And tares have grown :
So let us take the road again.
You know that I was younger then,
And though the winding way was long,
My heart was free, my limbs were strong,
And every nook and dell I passed
I fancied richer than the last.

IV.

Flower after flower,
Stone after stone,
I sketched, as hour on hour
Went on ;
No hamlet passed, nor whitened farm,
No watchdog's bark, nor crowed alarm,
No human speech upon the air,
To break the voiceless silence there,
But every vale along the road
Was still as when it came from God ;
Sometimes the grass
Was rich with fern,
Next I would pass
A moss-clad cairn,
Or a broken wall would flank the road,
When winding round some meadow broad,
Or passing through some hidden nook,
I caught the murmur of a brook ;
While every brake and every tree
Was like a poet's dream for me.

V.

And as I roam,
No thought have I
Of shadows long
Or evening sky,
Nor care I where the pathway leads
Through trackless woods, or broken meads :
Enough, the valleys stretch away
On to the curtains of the day,
And when the sun shall sink afar,
My guide shall be the evening star.

VI.

But sudden, here,
My dream is broke,
For rising near,
The light blue smoke
Floats upwards to the cloudless blue
From cottage chimney, breaking through
The green-robed grove of ancient trees,
Like incense on the evening breeze ;
With lawn and garden side by side—
The whole might be an acre wide ;
 And the red-tiled roof,
 Half hid with leaves,
 Where the ivy woof
 Hung from the eaves.
Yes, there it is, that sketch of mine,
But nothing to that scene divine :
All other memories may decay,
That scene no pencil can portray ;
Yet it shall live in memory's core,
A dream of beauty evermore !

VII.

There is, you know,
In every life,
An ebb and flow
Of peace and strife ;
An hour that deep in memory lies,
A scene or name that never dies ;
A hidden power we cannot rate,
That shapes our ends or rules our fate,

May sound our weal or wring our knell,
The why and wherefore, who can tell?

A grain of sand

Where currents quiver

May rear the strand

To change a river ;

A whisper breathed on echo's sea

May shake the Alpine thunders free ;

A silent thought in coming years

May change the creed of hemispheres :

Our darkest day, when morning rose,

May be our greatest at its close.

So there, alone midst Nature's art,

Beneath the evening sky,

A scene was graven on my heart

That never was to die.

VIII.

For while, with pallet in my hand,

Close by the garden wall I stand,

And sketch that rustic home,

The shadows lengthen from the hills,

While golden gleams of sunset fills

The twilight's burnished dome,

And through the broken, leafy woof

I catch the shadows of the roof,

Or window hid, where creepers run,

Reflecting still the setting sun.

But while I watch with hand and eye

The shadows as they pass,

No thought of human step have I

That moves across the grass,

Until I see a shadow fall
Across the coping of the wall,
 That moves out from the shade :
And well I mark, with hasty stare,
The hearty smile that greets me there,
The noble face, with silver hair
 That crowns the Grecian head ;
And as he nears my easel stand
He meets me with an open hand,
And with the brotherhood of art,
I take the stranger to my heart.
And well might I, for well he knew
The master touch, the whole
Of broken shade and color true
That gives the picture soul,
For oft the magic of his hands
Had sent his name to other lands,
 And in his native State
His brow had known the victor's crown,
And far beyond his parent town
His early works were handed down
 As gems of younger date ;
And all throughout his riper years
He stood the master 'mong his peers,
And still might held the magic wand
Had sudden shock not dulled his hand.
 Now here, remote from rival strife,
 With daughter of his heart,
 He spends the evening of his life
 Midst Nature's boundless art.
He greets me as a brother greets
The long-lost brother whom he meets,

And like an ancient knight, he pressed
That I my journey should delay ;
The sun was low, long was the way,
And begged me, for one Summer day,
 To be his honored guest ;
And surely here, you, too, will say,
'Twere hard to blunt such courtesy.

IX.

'Twere vain to dwell on that brief scene :
 Enough to say, his will is mine ;
I felt as if, awake, I dream,
 And have no thought of space or time,
But follow where he leads, till he
His daughter calls to welcome me ;
 And from a hidden bower there comes
A woman's form—so fresh, so fair,
That sunset rays upon her hair
Reflect their fading lustre there,
 As if a thousand suns
Had flashed their light athwart the sky,
And every flower had caught the dye,
While bud and leaf held breath awhile,
To clothe their glory with her smile ;
Or like the beams of early day,
That flash the fading stars away !
 There comes to every child of earth
A moment true, in peace or strife—
The centre hour 'twixt death and life—
 When first the human soul has birth ;
And this brief moment wakes for me
A pulse of life ne'er known before,
And sets the wings of fancy free,
To thrill my heart with love's encore.

X.

For I have roamed in many a land,
O'er tropic isles and desert sand,

Where earth's fair daughters dwell
Midst princely treasures, rich and rare,
But never since on earth or air
Have seen a human face so fair

As this fair Corabel.

Her lips like dew-robed buds of Spring,
Her hair like jet of raven's wing,
And the soft lustre of her eyes
Was like the dreamy tropic skies,
For as she left the bower's enshrine
She seemed a creature half divine.

XI.

"My daughter! this Sir Cavalier,
Knight of the brush and mahl,
Has deigned to taste our frugal cheer
And grace our rural hall."

This said in jest. With queenly air
She smiles a maiden's welcome there,
And from the clusters in her hand
She plucks a rosebud free:

"This bud, Sir Knight, shall be the wand
Wherewith we welcome thee."

Then turning from a scene so gay
Her laughing father leads the way;

And while night's shadows fall
We enter in the fading light,
Daughter and sire, while I, "Sir Knight,"
Still wonder at it all.

XII.

The lamps are lit by dusky hands
In the last gleams of day,
And old Aunt Susan smiling stands
With ready cup and tray ;
While at the board, arranged for three,
A welcome chair is placed for me ;
 And though one hour before
We had not known each others' face,
Nor had I dreamt of such a place
 For ten long miles or more ;
And yet with me 'twere hard to tell
The thoughts that in my bosom swell,
While I gaze at fair Corabel.
"But Art was broad as life," said he,
And Art to him was guarantee
That only he, with instincts fine,
Dare render homage at her shrine ;
And while her sacred temple stood,
Her sons should be one brotherhood.

XIII.

How swift that evening passed away
'Twere hardly meet for me to say ;
 'Twere easier guessed than told
How well he talked of song and art ;
And while his daughter held her part,
The fleeting hours seemed to my heart
 Like moments winged with gold !
The picture gems upon the wall,
The classic vase, the bracket small,

With gilded frieze that balanced all,
 Revealed the master hand ;
While not a shadow intervened
To break the spell, that to me seemed
 A dream of fairy land ;
While round the trellised casement bars
The clustering roses caught the light,
And crowning all were countless stars,
That gemmed that peerless summer night.

XIV.

“Come now, my daughter,” said the sire,
“Go bring your lute, and wake the lyre,
 And cheer us with a song
Of feudal strife or ancient crest,
Or lonely maid, with love opprest.
I fear, my child, our youthful guest
 Has found this evening long ;
For well I know as pen can tell
'Tis little else than hermit's cell,
And when compared with city's throng
Our briefest moments must seem long.”
Then as he ceased she touched the strings,
And in that home, remote and still,
So deep and clear her music rings
As makes the forest leaves to thrill.
And grander was that song to me
Than oratorio's wild refrain,
Or wind-blown anthems from the sea,
To touch the chords of youth again ;
And while the forest echoes rung,
This song of fatherland she sung :

XV.

“Land of the stars, dear fatherland,
Land of the prairie, broad and free !
Let others sing of empires grand,
I sing, my native land, of thee !
Land of the forest’s boundless shade,
That crowns the Andes’ rocky bars ;
Land of the canyon’s wild cascade
And cloudless peaks that kiss the stars ;
Land where the song of freedom rings
The star-robed anthem of the free,
Far as the eagle spreads his wings
O’er regions boundless as the sea,
Columbia dear, Star of the West,
 My latest sigh shall be for thee ;
Land where no tyrant’s foot shall rest,
 Home of the millions yet to be !”

XVI.

She ceased, and every sound was still
That with her pealing notes had rung,
While bud and leaf had felt the thrill,
As if an angel’s lips had sung ;
And deeper seemed the breath of night,
As if a soul had winged its flight
 In those last fading bars,
Or, wafted with the semitone,
The spirit of the night had gone
 To whisper with the stars !

And once again she touched the strings,
And with a deeper note she sings

This pealing, wild farewell—
As if an echo from the sea
Was ringing o'er the billows free
A passing spirit's knell.

XVII.

SONG.

Farewell ! farewell ! my native shore,
My bark is on the sea,
And on the gathering tempest's roar
I send farewell to thee !

Chorus—Farewell ! farewell ! farewell !

The billows ring our parting knell ;
My native land, farewell ! farewell !

The tempest hides the evening star,
The waves dash on the strand,
And breakers thunder on the bar ;
Farewell, my native land !

Chorus—Farewell ! etc.

Above the rolling of the deep
I hear the midnight bell
Re-echo where the billows sweep ;
My native land, farewell !

Chorus—Farewell ! etc.

The thunder shakes the starless skies
Beyond my native dell,
And on the shore the night wind sighs ;
My native land, farewell !

Chorus—Farewell ! farewell ! farewell !

The tempest rings our parting knell ;
My native land, farewell ! farewell !

XVIII.

She ceased again, and echo's swell
Seemed to repeat her wild farewell;
While in the night-robed shadows gray
The last faint whisper dies away,
And save the crickets' soft refrain,
All round that home is hushed again.

XIX.

'Tis midnight now: one hour before,
Led by the taper light,
He leaves me at my chamber door
With one long, blest "Good night!"
And in its silence there, unsought,
I ponder what the day has brought—
A life-dream in an hour.
The past to memory seems estranged,
As if a thousand years had ranged,
Or some mysterious power had changed
A desert for a bower;
While not a breath the silence jars,
I stand behind my curtain bars
And watch the midnight millioned stars
That gem the dome above.
My throbbing heart with rapture beats,
While every living pulse repeats
My first wild thrill of love!
All dreams of childhood gone before
Are fading echoes from the shore
Of some lost Summer day;

The future seems a mirror vast,
Where fleeting visions are recast,
And cherished idols of the past
Are now but things of clay !

XX.

And when all hushed in silence deep
Each throbbing pulse is stilled in sleep,
Those fleeting phantoms of my brain
Are in my dreams renewed again,
 With visions strange and new :—
Within a forest's boundless shade
I wander where all sounds are laid
A thousand leagues away,
Where not a breath of Summer ray
 Can break the foliage through ;
The sunless grass beneath my feet
Is there forever to repeat
The boundless leagues behind,
While not an echo breaks the gloom,
As if that forest were a tomb
With life and death combined.
Again : Upon a cloud-wove car
I wander to the evening star,
 Through endless seas of gold,
And view the boundless realms of night,
Where countless suns of systems light
 The vastness there unrolled.
Again : Upon the silver shore
I hear the rippling waves encore
 An anthem of the sea,
While far below the billows' sweep,
Through coral caverns of the deep,
Fair Cora roams with me.

XXI.

I wake : 'tis dawn ; upon the hills
The first faint gleam of morning thrills,
And night's last shadows fade away
Before the coming breath of day,
And o'er the distant peaks afar
I see the lessening morning star,
While night's vast curtain is unrolled
From Orient seas of burnished gold,
And rising from the ærial plain
Aurora spreads her wings again ;
While lingering night still holds her sway
Between the twilight and the day,
And voiceless silence reigns supreme,
As beauty holds her waking dream ;
While hushed is every breath of strife,
As if it were the dawn of life.
I see the the curtain higher rise
With broadening light and vaster skies,
To flood the meads, o'er vale and lawn,
As if it were Creation's dawn
Now breaking on the voiceless air.
The first faint note is whispered there,
Soft as the lover's virgin kiss,
That thrills the soul with speechless bliss,
Or like the distant brooklet's sigh,
From wind-blown glades, where echoes die ;
And stealing far, through brake and grove,
Each native songster thrills his note,
Till every bower and covert near
Repeats this harp of Nature clear ;

Now fades the dewdrop on the flower,
Now opes the bud in hidden bower,
Now glows the crystal of the spring,
In leafy nooks where coverts ring ;
Now glow the mountains far away,
To hail the birth hour of the day,
While distant hills and valleys broad
Thrill with this living pulse of God.

XXII.

I leave my chamber, passing through
'Neath trellised porch and flower,
And o'er the pearled paths of dew
I seek the shady bower ;
And in the dreamy bliss of morn
I pluck the rosebud from the thorn,
 And for one silent hour
I pass these moments in review,
And wonder at this passion new
 That thrills me with its power.
But yester-dawn, fresh as the sea,
My hand was light, my heart was free ;
From common earth I breathed apart,
My dream was Fame, my love was Art,
And every glimpse of earth and sky
Revealed new treasures to my eye ;
While 'neath the stars I swore it true,
This pledge for life (and meant it, too)—
That Art alone my heart should woo.

How changed is every sense since then !
How changed my heart, how changed my brain !
How changed seems old familiar scenes !
How changed the vision of my dreams ?
And changed seems every pulse of life,
From cloudless skies to restless strife !

XXIII.

Back through the garden wall again
I enter from the wood-lawn bowers,
And hear the forest's soft refrain,
With hum of bee and scent of flowers ;
While all around the morning's gleam
Seems fairer than a poet's dream.
I sit in Cora's bower enchained,
'Neath clustering buds her hands have trained,
And in the silence there, serene,
I picture what her youth had been—
The golden dawn, the cloudless noon,
The twilight shades, the silver moon,
The Summer sky's eternal blue,
The loves her youthful bosom knew.
I bless the shades her voice has blest,
And kiss the buds her lips have kissed ;
And while I dream those fancies o'er
I feel a thrill unknown before—
As if the past might be forgot,
And life had touched a deeper note.

XXIV.

'Tis well. Those years that lie beyond
The present moments that we see
Are hidden by the eternal bond
That seals the future yet to be.
'Tis well our sorrows are entombed
While yet our youthful hearts are free,
And brooding ills yet unrevealed
Are in the womb of time concealed.
For though the dawn may crown the day
With boundless fields of burnished gold,
Before pale night has passed away
The gathering storm may be unrolled,
And pleasure's morn may speed its ray,
To sink ere noon in Arctic cold,
And to the brow fame's wreath adorns
An hour may bring a crown of thorns.

XXV.

I entered in that morning bower
Enthralled with love's mysterious power ;
I leave it ere an hour had flown,
With all its thrilling rapture gone ;
And that brief vision of a day
Like morning dew has passed away ;
Or like the bees on Summer's air,
That leave their dying echoes there,
Or like the bough of bud bereft,
When flower is gone and thorn is left.

XXVI.

My genial host sits with me there,
While thrills the living morning air
 With Nature's ringing lay,
That comes from covert, brake and fen,
Repeating soft from vale and glen
 Hymns of the new-born day,
And every nook on hill and plain
Rings with the thrill of life again.
The curling smoke from chimney high
Floats upward to the glowing sky,
And broken lights steal through the leaves
That cluster round the spreading eaves ;
And while fair Cora's voice I hear
Come from the open casement near,
I start as if that morning note
Had thrilled a chord of youth forgot,
 And in its soft prelong
A harp retouched, now long unstrung,
Recalls the sound of lips that sung
 My mother's cradle song ;
And while the melting notes I hear,
I scarce can hide the gathering tear,
From he who watches, sitting near ;
But little recked I what he thought
Of all that Summer night had brought,
Till in that silent arbor he
This tale of wonder told to me :—

XXVII.

“ ’Tis forty Summers, less or more—
My years then numbered just one score ;
’Tis half a life, yet I might say
To me it seems but yesterday,
As backward, through long years of strife,
I view that Summer of my life,
That in my heart has ever been
An oasis there forever green.
’Twas by the sea, where waves encore
The echoes of New England’s shore,
’Neath towering cliffs, where ocean tossed
His thunders on her iron coast,
Where smiling valleys crown her strand
With broken meads and drifted sand,
And bounding summits far apart
Wall in this paradise of art.
Here we could dream life’s hours away
Without a thought of fleeting day,
And dreaming still, might never feel
That earth was earth, or life was real.
Here from the city’s crowded mart
We worshiped at the shrine of art—
Twin students, yet our future aim
Of equal years our dreams the same,
To woo the fickle goddess Fame,
And not a shade or breath we knew
On earth or air to make us two,
While head and heart and hand were true.
The distant hills, the green-robed lawn,
The setting sun, the glowing dawn,

The blue-arched noon, the star-robed night,
The blending miracle of light
That o'er the landscape flashed and came
Thrilled in our hearts one chord the same ;
And yet our art on canvass free
Was wide as wide apart could be ;
Repeating thus with shade and line
This lesson true, this truth divine—
That unity of soul is vain ;
'Twas ever so, and must remain.

XXVIII.

“ Here we had been one month or more,
From hum of cities free,
Our canvass home upon the shore,
Where outward to the sea
The walls of granite broke away,
And showed the wide expanding bay
On to the fading line of gray,
With passing sails from day to day
That vanished on the sky,
While we could hear the waves repeat
Their Summer anthem at our feet—
Blend with the seabird's cry ;
No human sound to mar our glee
As life's glad moments ran,
While every throbbing pulse was free
As prehistoric man.
Our vintage from the brook was stilled,
And rod and line our larder filled,
While not a thought had he or I,
While dreaming 'neath that Summer sky,
That passion's thunderbolt was nigh.

XXIX.

“ ’Twas noonday silence everywhere,
No human sound on earth or air ;
The sea beneath, the cloudless gleam
Was placid as a lover’s dream,
Or slumbering babe when laid to rest
Upon its youthful mother’s breast,
Or morning dew where lilies bloom
Upon a nameless infant’s tomb,
And glowed in beauty calm and deep,
As if its depths were hushed in sleep.
But hark ! that muffled peal afar
 Beyond the granite wall,
And riding on its thunder car
The tempest rolling o’er the bar
 Hides ocean in its pall ;
While sudden as an eye can flash
We hear the pealing thunder crash,
As if the skies might fall,
And rushing with his mantle dun
The cloud-wrapped tempest hides the sun
 And floods the wondering rills ;
While louder than the ocean’s roar
The pealing thunder rends the shore
And shakes the distant hills.
Hark ! There ! above the tempest swell,
Did you not hear that ringing yell
 Re-echo on the shore ?
We listen till it rings again
Across that wild tumultuous plain—

A human shriek for succor vain,
Thrice louder than before !
And bounding from the trembling strand,
We rush across the deluged sand,
And from the shelter of the cliff
We tear our good seaworthy skiff,
And though it soon might be our grave,
We launch it there upon the wave,
And bounding from the boiling shore,
We fearless ply the ready oar
With willing hearts and pulses full,
As if it were old Harvard's pull
Or we but truants from the school.

XXX.

“But why should I recall that scene,
Whose terrors yet might chill your breath,
Or picture what the end had been,
In that imperilled hour of death?—
For had we perished in the gale,
Then you had never heard this tale.
Enough that we regain the shore,
Our keel grates on the sands once more ;
But not alone : for from the wreck,
Clutching a fragment of the deck,
We snatch a sinking lifeless form—
The sole survivor of the storm :
A speechless thing of beauty she,
Saved from the swift returning sea.
Safe on the shore, with ready hands
We haste across the deluged sands,

And, sheltered from the ocean's strife,
We try to wake the harp of life ;
But though the struggle long seemed vain,
At last her bosom throbs again,
And life returns with measured sighs,
That flashes in her opening eyes,
While flushing cheek and coming breath
Proclaim life's triumph over death !
And as fond memory lends its gleam,
She wakes as from a fleeting dream,
And with the sense of light and sound,
In silent wonder gazes round ;
While we gaze on in mute surprise,
And watch the life-flood of her eyes,
That flash their rays beneath the fold
Of tress that glows like burnished gold,
While lost in silent wonder we
Survey this creature from the sea,—
As if the waves had given birth
To thing of life too fair for earth.
But why should words that tale unfold?—
'Twere surely easier guessed than told ;
Needs little aid from fancy lent
To paint the scene within that tent—
That hour when beauty wakes to weep,
Then sinks again in restless sleep.
Enough to say, that womens' aid,
Brought from the farm in neighboring glade,
Is there, to tend the slumbering maid,
Until from broken dreams of pain
She wakes to life and health again !”

XXXI.

He paused, as if the touching tale
Had woke a chord within his breast ;
And while his throbbing brow he prest,
With voice that seemed too frail,
He whispered wildly, may you know,
The Name that yet recalls my woe—
“ And he, who lived to be my foe,
 That late had been a brother !
Alas ! my son, you may not guess—
It seems but madness to confess—
 That she should be your mother !

“ My tale is all but ended here,
To you its sequel must be clear,
And from its trend you now can see—
Husband and sire, alas ! was he,
Who won that pearl of the sea,
But left its memory still with me !
For from that hour we bore her form
Out from the perils of the storm,
We, from the brotherhood of art,
Became death rivals for her heart,
Until our paths led wide apart.
You know the rest : Those parents gone,
Your struggles with your art alone.
But yet no passion lives with me ;
We wooed her both—her choice was he ;
And as the prize was fairly won,
I, for their memory, love their son.”

XXXII.

He paused awhile, and lingered here,
As from his eye he dashed a tear,
And ere his lips essayed to speak,
He pressed them on my burning cheek.

“You now can see,” he turned to say,
“My hasty rudeness yesterday

Was but a thrill from memory’s lay ;

For hidden there within the shade

I saw your shadow on the grass,

And felt a thousand visions pass

Like drifting clouds o’er Summer skies,

Whose recollection seldom dies,

Or fleeting forms that never fade

Throughout the night of passing years,

While memory lives and hope endears ;

And though unknown, affection knew

Your presence to that vision true ;

For ere my steps the path had won,

I traced the sire and knew the son.

And now, before we part again,

Let not our meeting here be vain,

But from this hour let hand and heart

Lead on to triumphs of your art ;

And in this silence swear it here,

By soul of those we both revere,

No other passion shall control

The life-long worship of your soul,

Till you have reached the deathless goal ?

XXXIII.

“To-morrow’s sun may find you gone
Back to the crowd, but not alone ;
For by these skies I too shall swear
From this hour hence my daily prayer
Shall be to keep this purpose true—
As second sire to live for you ;
And though no more my hand can trace
The fading cloud or living face,
Yet every dawn that gilds the sea
And every shadow on the lea
Shall hold a sacred shrine for me,
Nor art desert this quivering eye
Till life shall cease and soul shall die.
And now, removed from passions rude,
With her, wife of my solitude,
Resigned I live, content to die,
Unknown, beneath my native sky.”

XXXIV.

His wife ! How wild my pulses beat !
His wife ! once more his lips repeat ;
His wife ! his child of yesterday !
My burning cheeks my lips betray,
And with my throbbing bosom bare
Within that bower I swear it there ;
Too proud in passion’s hour to yield,
I vow the oath, the bond is sealed,
And that wild dream of Corabel
Has vanished like a passing knell,
Or echo from the distant shore,
That, fleeting once, is heard no more !

XXXV.

'Tis dawn ! Another night has past,
The second in that home—the last
That e'er through fortune's changing woof
My head shall know beneath its roof ;
Yet through the years where'er I roam
My heart shall venerate that home ;
Its kindly hearth shall be the theme
Of many a dark enshrouded dream,
When oft its shrine my heart shall seek
When clouded sorrows pale my cheek.

There are life moments in the soul
That live beyond the fleeting years,
And glow like stars through pain and tears,
That seem the center points of life
To cheer us on through trials and strife,

True as the needle to the pole ;
And this shall be a star for me,
The beacon light of years to be.

XXXVI.

Last eve, before the midnight bell,
My host had said his sad farewell,
And early as his mate withdrew,
She took my hand, and breathed it too ;
And while we sit alone he traced
My future pathway, that embraced
A purpose new, a self-control,
To win the wreath that crowns the goal.

XXXVII.

All sounds are still ; the night is gone ;
I leave my sleepless couch alone,
And through that hall, all hushed as death,
With silent feet and silent breath
I seek the night inclosing door,
Whose threshold I shall cross no more.
'Tis strange ! I find that door ajar ;
The light steals through the tressel bar,
And as I reach the morning air
A silent form is waiting there,
Beneath the bower's enshrouding tree,
Where she had plucked *that* bud for me,
When first I gazed with raptures wild
On her, his wife, that day his child !
I start ! Beneath the dawning ray,
Too clear for night, too dark for day,
And through the deeper shades of green
I try to trace that face unseen.
But soon I know that form too well—
'Tis she—the now lost Corabel !
No words can e'er depict that scene—
Fond moment of my life supreme—
As standing there with throbbing heart,
Our lips so near, our lives apart,
Yet silent as the clusters fair,
That all but mingled with her hair,
And ripple in the morning air.

XXXVIII.

She moves, while I in silence stand,
And reaches out her muffled hand.
"Take this," she says, in whispers low
"What's sealed within you cannot know,
Nor break its seal by night or day,
Till ten long years have passed away ;
Then, if you still have heart to feel,
Remember me, and break its seal :
Then if your worship still be true,
The sequel will remain with you.
So pledge it here within this bower,
Ten years to-day, date from this hour."
She paused, and stood in silence there ;
I raised my trembling hand to swear.
"Swear not," she said ; "the day may come
When you may wish this oath undone."
"I swear," I said, "by yonder star,
And yonder blushing dawn afar,
That I shall keep this bond with thee
By night, by day, by land or sea."
"'Tis done," she cried ; "a long adieu :
This heart will keep its bond with you !"
Then, with a step as light as air,
She stepped within, and left me there.

XXXIX.

'Tis noon, and from the distant hill
I watch the far-off landscape still,
Still trace the roof beyond the lawn
Where I had left my heart at dawn.

And while I gaze beyond the plain
Those fleeting hours steal back again,
And visions of the yet to be
Flits there in fancy's dream for me,
As if some strange, mysterious power
Had linked me with that sacred bower—
The noble host, the mistress fair,
The pledge to both that bound me there ;
The mystery of those years to run,
The victor's wreath my hands must win,
All crowded on me as I stood
And gazed o'er leagues of solitude.
But once again my belt is swung,
My limbs are strong, my heart is young,
And soon the valleys fade away
In coming eve and twilight gray,
While life begins a new-born day,
As half forgotten, far apart,
I mingle in the crowded mart,
Where with the student's hopes and fears
I dream of fame in coming years.

XL. •

The scene is changed. Those years are past
That doomed me to a long exile,
Through hours of dread and years of toil
In ancient schools of other lands,
With busy brain and willing hands,
Hoping the goal to reach at last.
What hours of dread, what nights of thought,
Has led me to the prize I sought ;

What triumphs here, what failures there,
What inspirations, what despair,
What dreams of madness and renown,
Has won for me the victor's crown !

XLI.

The goal is reached, the wreath is mine,
My name goes out to every clime ;
And as the fleeting seasons run
Both fame and fortune I have won ;
Have roamed the vales of Albion green,
And shores of noble Greece have seen ;
Have stood beneath the ruined domes
Of ancient Asia's perished homes ;
Have dreamt on Italy's golden strand,
And seen the art of every land ;
Gazed at her Titian's magic glow,
And wonder dreams of Angelo ;
And now, alone, from sun to sun
I wait ; the years are all but run—
The ten long years held by that seal,
That, broken once, was to reveal
The mystery of my early oath
And youthful Cora's plighted troth.

XLII.

'Tis classic Rome. The time is dawn ;
I watch the light with curtains drawn—
The light that ushers in the day
When those ten years have rolled away.

Now breaks the hour that will reveal
The mystery held beneath this seal ;
And waiting for the dawn I stand,
The long-kept letter in my hand ;
And as the note of morning chimes,
I break the seal, and read these lines :

“If thou canst feel thy heart still true
To her you met ten years to-day—
No matter where your steps may stray—

That virgin heart still waits for you.
Perhaps my trust I have beguiled,
By calling wife who was my child ;
But by the time you break this seal,
Methinks your riper heart will feel
That all was done for thy own weal.
I add no more. God strengthen thee,
To find the heart that still is free !”

XLIII.

With burning lips I read this through—
“That virgin heart still waits for you ;”—
That virgin love of youth's fair hour,
That hand I held in that fair bower,
That form whose memory still endears,
Shrined in my heart through all these years—
The only love I ever knew—
And now, a thousand leagues away,
Will she be waiting there to-day ?
Or with her heart still throbbing true,
Can she have watched this moment too ?

'Tis done ! Beneath the morning star,
With burning lips the oath is sworn,
That e'er another day is born
My steps shall haste to her afar.
I leave as twilight's shadows fall
Shades of the mighty capital,
Its ruined domes and crumbling rust,
That hold its mighty Cæsar's dust,
And hurrying to my fatherland,
I leave proud Albion's rugged strand ;
And soon where ocean billows beat,
I tread the deck with tireless feet,
And watch each setting sunset glow,
And count the leagues, that seem too slow.
Now at the dawn, from shaded deck,
I watch the far horizon speck ;
What shore may be yon rising strand ?—
It is, it is my native land !
That glows beneath the rising sun—
The star-robed land of Washington !

XLIV.

And once upon its shores again,
I hasten on to old Champlain,
And tread the paths I roamed of old,
Through brake and dell and pathless wood,
Midst Nature's wildest solitude,
Treading its meads of russet gold,
And searching wooded glen and plain,
To find that long-lost home again.

By shaded crystal brook I rest,
With passions raging in my breast—
Hope in my heart, dread in my brain,
That all my restless haste is vain,
That I may find those hearts of yore
Through changing years are there no more.
While other songs may ring its mirth,
And other hearts surround its hearth,
While darker fears my heart oppressed,
Perhaps the whole may prove a jest—
A freak, to lead my thoughts away
From that wild passion of a day,
That long before those ten years sped
I was forgot, and Cora wed!
Thus all these fears my heart surveyed,
As through the pathless wilds I strayed,
Hope glowing like the noonday sun,
And shaded ere an hour had run;
Each wild emotion in its sphere,
Alternate hope, then dread and fear.
I leave the shade for open meads,
On where a winding pathway leads
Across the rolling dells of green,
To where a deeper shade is seen.
The sun is in the western sky,
And the deep shadows longer grow,
Where the glad Summer breezes sigh
In green-robed valleys far below,
While wild flowers bloom with endless hue
Beneath the skies of cloudless blue,

And whispering echoes bless my ears,
Like voices from the perished years.
'Tis there ! Beyond yon ancient tree
The whole surroundings crowd on me—
The rustic gate, the moss-grown wall,
The garden bowers—I know them all,
With circling smoke ascending slow,
Just as it rose ten years ago.

XLV.

With beating heart I pass the gate—
One moment more will seal my fate—
Walk up the graveled pathway slow,
Where endless Summer roses blow,
And feeling that one moment more
Will bring me to the welcome door.
I pause before that sacred bower,
And there recall that parting hour.
I start ! my senses lose their power,
My bosom heaves, my eyes grow dim—
Oh God ! oh God ! can this be him,
With wasted cheek and silver hair,
That stands within to greet me there ?
That bending form I well might know—
'Tis he—my host of long ago ;—
The same fond eye, the same proud head,
Save winter frost of that decade,
Whose passing years had left their trace
In furrows on that noble face.

Within that ancient bower we stand,
There face to face and hand in hand ;
Our throbbing bosoms feel the thrill
Too strong for words, our lips are still ;
Each feeling in that hour intense
That silence were best eloquence.

XLVI.

In every life there is enrolled
Moments that better are untold—
Moments intense to mortals given—
Too pure for earth, too soon for heaven—
The promise of that yet to be
That only angel's eye might see.
'Twas such a moment held us there
Beneath the clustering roses fair,
As he, with broken words and tears,
Retold his passing hopes and fears—
Full measure of those bonded years.
But hark ! a form is on the lawn,
A shadow comes, with footstep slow—
A shadow that full well I know.
With passions wild my pulses swell—
'Tis she ! the long-loved Corabel !
The full-blown rose of that far dawn,
As time the severed heart endears,
She fairer seems for added years.
Where is the eye that has not seen
The early bud in pristine green,

And marked the change from dawn till noon,
When it was blushing in full bloom?
Or seen the shrouded moon arise
Up from the clouded eastern skies,
And reveled in its golden light,
That filled the star-robed vault of night;
Or seen the rough unpolished wart
Contrasted with the gem of art;
Now as she moves she fairer seems
Than cherished idol of my dreams!

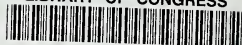
XLVII.

Another night has rung its chime
Upon the eternal page of time;
Another night of love and joy—
The third beneath that welcome roof,
That changing years will not destroy.
As fate weaves on life's closing woof,
Another hears our wedding chime
Within that home—fair Cora's mine!
Our future years are winged with gold;
The goal is won—my tale is told!





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